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From Beginning

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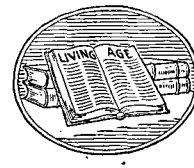

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FIFTH ARMY

BY HAMILTON FYFE

I

ONE of the early tasks of the new Parliament will be, if present intentions remain firm, to order an inquiry into the case of General H. P. Gough and into the circumstances of the defeat suffered by the Fifth and Third British Armies last March. This task will be urged upon the House of Commons by the Labor Party. The stigma which rests upon General Gough, who was deprived of his command without court-martial or inquiry, rests also upon the Fifth Army, and it is strongly felt by the leaders of the Labor Party that justice demands full investigation.

My own opinion, after watching the retreat in progress and after studying the circumstances carefully from Intelligence records, was that General Gough had been unfairly treated, and that the impression prevailing at the time in England was based upon ignorance of the facts. I attempted to correct this impression at the time. General Headquarters would not permit it. It was not thought desirable then to show up the falseness of the view taken by many English reviews and newspapers that upon the Fifth Army lay the responsibility for the loss of so much ground to the enemy; that this army was badly handled and therefore unable to put up a stout resistance; and that it 'let down' the Third Army, which, but for the collapse of the Fifth, would have been able to hold its ground.

That view in my opinion is grotesquely at odds with the truth. Its acceptance was due, I think,

(1) To the refusal of the public to believe anything written by war correspondents, a refusal for which I do not blame the public, considering how often they had been deceived before they realized the conditions under which war correspondents worked.

(2) To the loose and exaggerated accounts of the retreat given by wounded men of the units which went to the relief of the Fifth Army.

(3) To the statement made in the House of Commons by the Prime Minister, with incomplete knowledge and misunderstanding of the important facts.

(4) To the treatment of General Gough.

If I venture, now that reasons for silence no longer exist, to ask for a

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reconsideration of the part played by the Fifth Army, it is because I hate injustice, and because, as a war correspondent who was on the spot, I happen to be able to discuss the matter with some special knowledge. I heard accounts of the battle within a few days from the staffs of most of the divisions engaged; in some cases from brigade staffs, and even battalion commanders. I saw the successive phases of the retreat for myself, as I had seen beforehand the positions in which our troops awaited the attack and the preparations made in the rear of those positions for defensive action in the event of the front line being overrun. I will say at once that I considered those preparations inadequate, but for this General Gough was not, I submit, solely or even chiefly to blame. Recollect what happened. During January, at the urgent request of the French Ministry, against the judgment not only of Field-Marshal Haig, but even of the French Generals, the British Army took over forty fresh miles of front, stretching roughly from Saint Quentin to La Fère. Along this front the Fifth Army was strung out, its line perilously thin. From the moment of our taking over this territory it was surmised that the heaviest weight of the German attack would be thrown against it. A wise commander always drives at his enemy's weakest point. Also the German High Command was known to favor striking at the point of junction between Allied forces, a point where, owing to difference of language and system, confusion is especially apt to occur. British G.H.Q. knew, thanks to the activity of the Intelligence Department under General Cox (whose accidental death deprived the army of a painstaking and vigorous officer), where the blow would fall. Most generals of division refused to believe that there would be any blow. A fortnight before the offensive opened I heard from the staff of one of the Fifth Army divisions that they could not see why G.H.Q. had warned them to be prepared. But neither at Fifth Army Headquarters nor at Montreuil did any illusion prevail. Since he knew that the Fifth Army would be attacked with vast numbers, and knew also its weakness, Sir Douglas Haig must be blamed no less than General Gough if the preparations were inadequate.

I have a note in my diary of a conversation I had with General Gough as early as January 30. He said then: 'The Germans might very likely attack his army front and would probably gain some ground if they did. The best line of defense would be the line of the Somme. Until they got across that there would be no tragedy. It might be a tragedy if they did.' That view had been discussed with G.H.Q., and G.H.Q. knew the strength of the Somme and other defences quite as well as General Gough. Yet very little was done to improve our positions anywhere. I recollect thinking, some weeks after the enemy had been brought to a standstill before Amiens, when trenches were being dug and wired in every direction and to a great depth, even behind Amiens, that if the British Army had done half this amount of work before the 21st of March, there would have been no retreat.

About that retreat, and especially the Fifth Army part in it, many absurd stories were afloat. What was particularly unfortunate was that American soldiers arriving in France were apt to be told that British troops became a disorderly rabble, that officers lost their heads, that men wandered like sheep without a shepherd, and that their unworthy conduct caused a grave setback to the Allied cause. Such

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stories were, I dare say, set agoing, many of them, by spies and traitors, very likely by paid German agents. They were repeated by habitual grumblers, by those who like to 'seem to know,' and even by many who passed on this kind of talk merely because they had nothing better to say. One story which was widely told represented General Gough as having dined in London on the night of March 21!!

That the Fifth Army yielded more ground than the Third Army is indisputable. Hasty critics jumped to the conclusion that it did not fight so well. That was unjustifiable. Both armies fought with a dogged courage that has not been surpassed in any battle of the war. The reason for the Fifth Army's retirement lay in this, that it consisted of fourteen divisions, eleven in the line, three in reserve, and that it was attacked by forty-eight. Fourteen against forty-eight! That tells the whole story. No, not quite the whole, either, for this must be said, too, that the eleven divisions in the line were spread over a front of forty miles. Three miles is considered a very long front for a division to hold. These Fifth Army divisions each held nearly four. The task of the Fifth Army was therefore terrific in every way. Yet this was not clearly stated at the time, nor has the story, I think, been fairly told since the event. The instinct to seize upon a scapegoat when things go wrong is one of the most powerful instincts in human nature. Before the facts were known in England, the Fifth Army was blamed for what had happened. The public had thought, we had all hoped, that our line would stand firm against attack. That some territory might be gained by the enemy was known among those who studied the position on the spot. But no one expected the old Somme battlefields to be lost. The disappointment was hard to bear, and someone had to bear the brunt of public irritation. Hurried judgment, hurried glances at the map, made the Fifth Army appear to be the culprit. Then General Gough was sent home. So the slander started. It has been running long enough.

The first count of the indictment against the Fifth Army was that it had been taken by surprise. There is no truth in that. I read day by day during February and March the reports of its Intelligence branch. There I found evidence cumulative and convincing that the Germans were preparing to attack the Fifth Army front. Now attention would be called to increase in the number of their hospitals and aerodromes, now to the multiplication of shell dumps, or to the improvement of roads and railways in the rear. All the divisions were warned to be ready. Even the date of the attack was discovered forty-eight hours in advance, and orders were given for the troops to stand to in their positions from 11 P.M. on March 20. Mr. Bonar Law said in the House of Commons that there were some elements of surprise in the German attack. What they were I do not know. I have stated the fact.

That the enemy hoped to surprise us is certain. In the tactics which they developed during three years' close study of the best methods of forcing a fortified front, the element of surprise was given a prominent place. The well-informed military critic of the *Neue Freie Presse* told his readers this before the offensive began. In everyone of their attacks the Germans took elaborate precautions to keep their intentions secret both from us and from their own troops. The specially trained assault battalions which formed the hammer-head of their phalanx were moved up only at the latest possible moment. Officers were given sealed

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instructions. Rumors were spread through the German armies of probable attacks in a number of directions, so that the direction decided upon might be effectually concealed. The difficulty of concealment was increased by the formation which welded the attacking troops and the reserves into a solid mass. This moved forward as a mass; without any slowing down of the forward movement fresh divisions took the places of those which had shot their bolt. The relieving troops passed through those which were to be taken out of the line, and when their turn came for rest, they were relieved in the same way. The process was called 'leap-frogging,' and gave the enemy useful results. But in no case, excepting that of the attack on April 9, which succeeded beyond expectation for another reason, did their blow fall without warning. That which they struck on March 21 was, as I have shown, awaited by us with full knowledge that it was about to fall.

II

Next, the Fifth Army has been reproached with neglecting to make for itself sufficiently strong positions. The answer to this is twofold. First, the French, when they handed over the line from Gouzeaucourt north of Saint Quentin to Barisis south of La Fère, handed over good positions. General Gough told me soon after the taking over that he was glad to find such excellent work done. This work was to some extent improved by us, and so far as was possible, it was a strong line that we held. I say 'so far as possible,' because (1) it was not considered possible to call upon the men who had come from hard fighting in the north to do hard digging as soon as they took over; (2) it is impossible that even good positions can be very strong if there are not enough men in them to defend themselves against attack by largely superior numbers. This is the second answer to the charge that the Fifth Army did not take necessary precautions for the repelling of the attack at the outset. It did what was possible with the men at its disposal. It had not a continuous system of trenches in the front line. It had instead a series of redoubts, or fortified posts, each intended to 'cover' so much of the front by machine-gun and rifle fire. If there had not been a thick fog on the morning of the 21st, these redoubts would have delayed the enemy, but they could not have prevented him from getting past them. The lines behind were well dug and defended. My own opinion is that the positions prepared for the troops to fall back upon, one after another, in the event of their being hard pressed, might have been more effectively wired. But that criticism applies with equal force to the Third Army front.

There are no soldiers in the world who could have stood up against such odds and held back an enemy attacking in the proportion of more than three to one. For what did this mean? Not merely that the masses of Germans who flowed over our positions were always more numerous than our men. It meant also that our men, fighting all the time, weary and dazed with the battle, found every day that they were faced by fresh troops, troops who had rested and slept, troops who came into the battle with new vigor. The Germans had so many divisions that they could take them out of the line as soon as they were tired and let them recover. Our men had no intervals. They were on their feet day and night. When they were not fighting, they were falling back or hastily improving old defensive positions. They grew so heavy-headed from want of sleep that officers had to go round shaking them to keep

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them awake. Numbers of them fell by the roadside and slept from exhaustion. This largely swelled the number of prisoners taken by the enemy. Yet throughout the six days of the battle there was nothing approaching a rout or a panic, there was no disorder on the roads. I have seen other retreats with these features. In this retreat there was hardly so much as disorganization on any large scale.

What seems like disorganization to the troops who are put in to relieve badly-hammered divisions, is nothing but the inevitable result of the hammering. When there is such a bombardment as the Germans sent over on the morning of March 21, and when it is followed by masses of troops trained to assault tactics, the battalions which meet the impact have most of their officers and sergeants killed or wounded. They do in some cases find natural leaders, and when this happens they go on fighting vigorously. There were many such cases in this battle. Here is one example. A sergeant of artillery in the 6th Division had his gun knocked out by a direct hit. He offered himself to the nearest infantry command. He was asked to take a platoon and do the work of a lieutenant. He led his platoon with gallantry and success for a couple of days. At last in a tight place their ammunition ran out. He was last seen killing Germans with a pickaxe.

But often it does not happen that natural leaders present themselves. Then the men, especially if they are suffering from want of sleep, are apt to wander away to the rear in a more or less dazed and dispirited condition. The fresh troops who are relieving them see that they are in bad shape, and sometimes they talk as if they had met the survivors of a disaster. In the battle of Saint Quentin no disaster happened. If our line had been pierced and the Germans had poured through and rolled up our divided forces, that would have been disastrous. But this did not occur, and the reason why it did not occur was that the men who withdrew fighting kept the line all the time unbroken. They were dropping with fatigue, they were dirty, footsore, heavy-eyed. From hunger few of them suffered, thanks to the devotion and steadiness of the Army Service Corps and to the regularity of the regimental arrangements for distributing rations. But what they suffered from weariness no one can imagine. Yet they kept their faces towards the enemy. They never let him get through.

Thus they spoiled his plan. He undoubtedly hoped to pierce the British line and throw our forces into catastrophic disorder. It was plain from the articles which were appearing in German and Austrian newspapers before the offensive began, and from the talk which we knew to be current among German officers in the field, that the enemy believed he could by the use of his new tactics reach, if not a decisive result, such as an Arjesh or a Caporetto, at all events such a harvest as Mackensen reaped on the Dunaetz and during the months of close pursuit which followed.

The German High Command did not underestimate the value of the Allied troops on the Western Front. They paid the British Army the highest compliment by delaying operations against it until they could bring into the field vastly superior numbers and a weight of artillery unthought of hitherto. On one part of our front they had a gun to every fifteen yards: we had one to every eighty-five. It was their resolve to deserve success by piling up an immense preparation which gave them such results as they achieved. Many hold still that the German military machine, so long

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elaborated, failed to justify the expectations of those who made it. It certainly did not do what the British navy did for a long time (until the submarine war developed its full vigor) to make good, claims set up before the war. The German armies won their victories against weaker forces; weaker in munitions, as the Russians were; or weaker in preparations generally, like the forces of mishandled Rumania; or weaker, far weaker in numbers, as were the British forces in the battle of Saint Quentin. But herein we see a proof of the ability and foresight of the German General Staff.

The Germans did their best to represent our retirement as a rout. That was to be expected. But it is surprising that British newspapers and reviews should have adopted this view. I suppose such opinions were based upon the lurid and incomplete stories told by 'men who were there.' When troops suffer a reverse, there are always some of them who say that they only fell back because others did. 'We were holding on all right. We had the enemy in front of us and we could have stayed there forever. But when the fellows on our right (or on our left, as the case may be) were pushed back, we had to keep in line with them. We had to get back, too.' It is a familiar complaint; there is usually very little in it.

All soldiers are apt to think too much about their own unit, their own particular little bit of front, and not enough about the front as a whole. This is understandable enough, when you consider how small a part the soldier sees of a battle 'as a whole.' It is understandable, and as a rule no harm is done by it. Those who are in command of the operations have had the entire battlefield under their eyes. They know what really happened and what were the hidden causes of the movements made. But they cannot speak out till long after the event. It is, therefore, I think, desirable to point out briefly where those err who lay the blame for our retirements during the battle of Saint Quentin upon this or that unit, whether army or division. The same stories were told by the troops of both the Third and the Fifth Armies, stories of finding themselves with their flanks in the air; of learning suddenly that the Germans were behind them. The same methods were employed against both, and they had the same success at the outset. They were employed against the Fifth, however, with greater violence and with a much larger number of divisions. So far as I can judge, the sole reason why the troops of the Fifth Army were forced back is that the enemy were in the proportion of nearly four to one against them.

Yet even with this vast superiority, the Germans would not have been able to overrun our front as quickly as they did, if they had not had a dense fog to help them. Under cover of this fog they penetrated some points of our thinly-held front line, and as our forces were too small for the undertaking of counter-attacks on a large scale, we were compelled to fall back to positions prepared in advance by the Fifth Army staff as a precaution against such an onrush as the enemy were making now. Upon these positions the northern and central portions of the army were instructed to retire, fighting steadily and taking care not to lose touch with one another. These instructions were obeyed by the divisions involved, and the trench system known as the battle-line was occupied with far less confusion than one would think inevitable under such difficult conditions. Wherever the connection between two divisions was threatened by enemy penetrations, counter-attacks were delivered and portions of the line

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reinforced. What the Germans did was to try and force their way, in an infinite number of small parties, along little valleys, roads, hedges, anywhere that afforded cover, and so to insinuate themselves between our units.

In all retirements the getting away of the guns is one of the first considerations. Orders were issued by the Fifth Army staff for alternate batteries to be withdrawn, one after another, both of field guns and of heavies. Provision was also made for the garrisons of the redoubts in the forward zone to be withdrawn as their covering value ceased. Unfortunately some of these garrisons had been wiped out before that moment arrived.

Evening of March 21 found the troops belonging to the northern and central parts of the Fifth Army in their new positions. The southern part had not been so heavily pressed, but that night orders were sent to fall back also and to form a line in consonance with that of the other parts. Air reports at this time showed that the country behind the enemy's attacking line was filled with troops, who were being brought up from a number of directions. It was clear that all available reserves were to be thrown in. The attacks went on without ceasing. Dense waves of Germans followed one another at short intervals. Our small force was plainly not capable of keeping off such large numbers of the enemy. A fresh withdrawal had therefore to be contemplated, and, with this in view, certain units were ordered to dig in, so that they might hold the line for a time while the main body carried out an orderly retirement. Where the enemy pressed so hard as to create a critical situation, reinforcements were put in, but the policy adopted was, in general, to fall back towards the reserves, fighting rearguard action, and destroying as great a number of the enemy as possible while he came on. At points where a definite piercing of our line was threatened, cavalry, and tanks were employed to protect it.

III

Friday, March 22, found the British troops very hard beset. New and violent attacks were made upon them. The Germans who attacked were fresh troops. Our men were already tired. They fought, however, stubbornly, and only yielded ground as they were ordered. Our retirement continued at a rate which permitted the withdrawal of artillery. We retired on to positions which had been dug beforehand, and the bridges were destroyed as soon as our troops had passed over them so as to delay the enemy's follow-up movement. It was now the final zone that we were to occupy. Certain places had to be held at all costs in order to protect the retiring forces from being attacked as they fell back. The orders given for the defense of these points were carried out with magnificent devotion. Still fighting all the while, and still an organized force acting under command, the troops of the Fifth Army took up their positions in the final zone. On our right the French were arriving, which made the situation easier. The British commanders in this area were told to coöperate with our Allies in every way, and to place themselves under the orders of the French generals.

The Fifth Army line at midnight on the 22d ran along the Crozat Canal, then along the Somme as far as Ham, then northward through Monchy Lagache, through Vraignes, east of Beaumetz and Brusle, through Tincourt, east of Nurlu. In the course of forty-eight hours we had fallen back between seven and eight miles. On the northern part of the battlefield the troops of the Third Army, being equally hard

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pressed, had covered almost as much ground in their retirement. But from now on the weight of the attack fell far more upon the Fifth Army than upon the Third. The German plan since the offensive started has been to advance obliquely. Their forces have not pushed straight forward, but with a swinging movement either to right or left. That was the plan which they followed in the later Russian engagements. They adopted it in Italy. In this case their effort was made from right to left, in a southwesterly direction, which brought their pressure chiefly against the Fifth Army. They did attempt, it is true, to widen their attacking front by a blow against our lines in front of Arras, but this blow, delivered on March 28, was parried with complete success, and they did not try to repeat it.

I have brought the story of the Fifth Army retirement down to midnight on the 22d of March. By the next morning it was clear that the positions then held could not be maintained in face of the huge German concentration of force. The line Somme-Peronne-Albert-Gommecourt and its extension northwards to Arras was rapidly prepared for occupation. The troops on the left of the Fifth Army were ordered to move backward in conformity with the Corps on the right, which was to retire gradually behind the Somme. These troops were to keep close touch with those of the Third Army and not to move until the latter was ready. That night the right Corps of the Fifth Army was relieved by the French, but the enemy continued to press the Allied forces with very large numbers, swiftly moved. On the 24th they occupied Sailly-Saillisel and Combles, and still pushed forward, our men being now too exhausted to do more than delay their advance by rearguard actions. Counter-attacks on any effective scale were not to be thought of.

The line on the night of the 24th ran from the junction with the French southeast of Nesle to Morchain, then west of the Somme Canal and south of the Somme River, then across the Somme to Maricourt and Longueval. Longueval had been hardly pressed. The pressure was relieved for the moment by a fine action on the part of the Tank Corps men armed with Lewis guns, but the oncoming enemy could not be held for long. The rapidity of his advance, due to the weight of the attack, caused constant changes in the situation. These were dealt with coolly and capably by the Fifth Army staff. I was frequently at their headquarters during the retirement, and can add personal testimony to the calm and businesslike atmosphere which prevailed there. Everyone was working very hard. Bed was out of the question. Meals were snatched as opportunity allowed. Many officers did not take their clothes off during the whole of the battle. But there was no panic or excitement. I saw no signs of indecision. Orders in detail were sent out to each Corps at frequent intervals, showing the next positions to be taken up and the connections to be made. The arrangements for handing over command to the French as they came in were made so efficiently as to avoid confusion. Fresh units were formed to reinforce those parts of the line which were dangerously thin. The most notable of these was Carey's Force. Composed of all the men who could be got together, whether fighting men or not, and put under the command of Major-General Carey from the 20th Division,* this body of between two and three thousand did excellent work in front of Villers-Bretonneaux. By such measures our line was kept intact and our

* Though not, as the Prime Minister told the House of Commons, collected by him; for he did not take command until the force was in the field.

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powers of resistance were maintained. Never for an instant did the Fifth Army staff lose grip of the situation.

All the accounts of the retirement, which ended on March 26, when the remains of the Fifth Army (most of its divisions having by this time been sent out of the line to rest) concentrated upon the defense of the approaches to Amiens, show that it was characterized by hard, steady fighting, always against overwhelming odds, and that the continual changes of position made necessary were all ordered after careful calculation and in concert with other parts of the line. At critical points prolonged resistance was called for. Several times perilous pressure was relieved by timely counter-attacks. So the piercing of the British line, the aim of the enemy, the threat which hung over us during that week of epic struggle, was prevented. There was no crowning victory for the Germans, no disaster for British arms.

That escape we owe in chief to the troops engaged. No staff work, however painstaking, can serve unless the dispositions planned are stoutly and steadily carried out. But there is much for which we have to thank the staff of the Fifth Army, and that has not been sufficiently admitted. Now is the injustice done both to General Gough and to the troops of his command exposed. I have tried to show how unfair has been the treatment of the Army Commander and the stigma cast upon the good name of his Army. I hope, when Parliament meets, that the wrong may be repaired.

The Contemporary Review

TO EDWARD THOMAS

'HAPPY the man whose home is still
In Nature's green and peaceful ways;
To wake and hear the birds so loud
That scream for joy to see the sun
Is shouldering past a sullen cloud.

'And we have known those days when we
Would wait to hear the cuckoo first;
When you and I, with thoughtful mind,
Would help a bird to hide her nest,
For fear of other hands less kind.

'But thou, my friend, art lying dead:
War, with its hell-born childishness,
Has claimed thy life, with many more:
The man that loved this England well,
And never left it once before.'

The New Witness *By W. H. Davies*

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IS "DOING NOTHING" A SOLUTION OF THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM?

L'Humanité and *L'Action Française* are rejoicing over the announcement that the Allies will not intervene in Russia. Never has the Government had a larger majority behind a decision. But is crying out 'No' in chorus sufficient to close the Russian question. Is merely doing nothing to be considered a solution?

The partisans of this negative policy present the Russian question in their own fashion. They pretend to believe that we are demanding an immense military expedition destined to take Moscow at a leap and cross Russia from side to side. They declare that such an expedition will hinder our demobilization. They show forth that any such project is unrealizable. Therefore nothing remains to be done. The public, in a word, is invited to choose between the impossible and the absolute nothing.

This argument may make its impression at public reunions but it makes no change in the realities. In the political as well as the material world, Nature abhors a vacuum. If the Allies have no Russian programme, then someone else will have one. If the Allies do not concern themselves with the reorganization of Russia, one of two things will probably happen, either Russia will be reorganized by the Germans, or Russia itself will disorganize Europe. In either case, French blood is liable to flow. It is on these premises that one must build if we wish the public to have an opinion of the Russian matter which shall be both exact and suited to our national interest.

But how shall Russia be reorganized? Here, again, we shall have to 'follow Nature,' as the sages of other days were wont to say. It is not a matter of planning Gargantuan combats and of hurling columns of French troops across frozen steppes while Bolsheviki and ravens wheel about them. Those who are writing solemnly against such a nightmare could find a better use for their minds. They might be calculating, for instance, how large an army France would have to retain if Germany and Russia should meet in sweet communion in the bosom of Bolshevism or if the Germans, having established order in Russia, beneath the plaudits of a world weary of war, should make themselves the instructors of these immense masses of human beings whom they have saved from famine and anarchy. When we say that the Allies should reorganize Russia, it is simply to avoid these dangers; it is to preserve the lifeblood of France, not to bid it flow. The end is the economizing of the forces of France. The task of the Allies does not consist in creating an artificial order in Russia out of whole cloth — an order imagined by some of the *emigrés* of the Russian régime and imposed upon the people by the machine guns of the Entente. No the task requires less bullets and more patience; it lies in the gradual development of all the national energies which are opposed to Bolshevism, and, therefore, our natural Allies.

Bolshevism is not like other enemies. It fights a new war, or since nothing is new under the sun, a war such as the world has not seen since the wars of religion. It does not set country against

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country; its triumph would not mean the replacing of the prosperity of one nation by the prosperity of another. Bolshevism is the negation of nationalism and prosperity; these are the reasons why it is equally absurd to believe that it can be conquered by purely material arms, or that we can get round it by encircling it with an intellectual 'sanitary barrier.' Will you have it that Lenine and his men will stop before a line of policemen or customs house guards. Where it makes its nest, Bolshevism ruins all. It lives on the condition that it be always on the go. It is necessary that its chiefs shall always be able to say to the mob, 'You suffer because our régime is encircled by capitalistic States which hate and persecute you, but when we have conquered the wide earth, an equilibrium will be regained and you shall have Paradise.' The masses to whom this sort of propaganda is delivered believe themselves suffering for the redemption of mankind. A sort of fanaticism adds itself to their emotions, and exalts them. We shall have to meet this fanaticism with something beside barbed wire. We must oppose an ideal to it, the national ideal. Bolshevism wishes to destroy the homelands. Let us call our patriots to the defense.

The Russian patriots, of course, and also the patriots of all the nations which encircle Russia; above all others the patriots of Poland. The peril is greatest in Poland; it is there that the Allies can produce the maximum result with the minimum effort.

The peril is a pressing one. One of the first messages signed by Brockdorff-Rantzau* was sent to Warsaw. The secretary explains that the Ukrainians are interfering with the retreat of the German troops and that these troops are no longer under the control of their officers. Then, these pretexts enumerated, he goes to the kernel of the matter. 'The German Government,' he writes to the Polish authorities, 'begs you to consent immediately to the crossing of Polish territory by German troops, and to aid their journey in every possible manner. Should the contrary come to pass, this Government cannot prevent hundreds of thousands of German soldiers opening for themselves a way home into Germany through Poland.' While this threat appeared in the southeast of Poland, the Bolsheviki have announced that a Soviet has been formed at Vilna and that 'the assembly decided to address a greeting to the central executive committee of the Soviets of Russia, to the Red army, to the commissioners' council and to the Congress of German Soviets. But this even is not the whole story, German troops which have not been demobilized are concentrating (according to von Hindenburg's directions) round Posen.

The armistice was signed on the eleventh of November. What of the status of Dantzig? Polish troops are a military instrument ready for the hands of the Allies; Poland is a base for the political policy of the Allies . . . why are we waiting?

The more the Allies delay in occupying eastern Europe, the costlier will be the solution of eastern problems. There was a time when the Russian question could have been solved with 40,000 men. If we allow all our various units of force in the East to perish, what will be the cost of reorganizing Russia? And if Russia is not reorganized what will peace be worth?

* Foreign Minister of the German revolutionary government.

Le Temps

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FRANCE'S CLAIM TO THE SARRE REGION

BY F. ENGERAND

THE restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, that is to say, of the territory taken from us in 1871, does not bring France to its old frontiers or restore to her the province of Lorraine in its integrity. To limit our claim to the present area of Alsace-Lorraine would be to imply our recognition of the frontier of 1815; it would mean that France for a second time signed the fatal treaty of that year.

The 1815 frontier was the frontier of a defeated nation; strategically it was very bad, for it aimed to give Prussia access to the principal routes by which France might be invaded; to that end, the treaty detached an important part of Lorraine, the region of the Sarre.

This region of the Sarre had been united to France in 1648, and shared the destinies of the duchy of Lorraine of which it was an integral part and one of the great defenses. For us, Sarrelouis constituted a lock on one of the gates of invasion; the town had been powerfully fortified by Louis XIV, whose name it keeps. Ney was born there.

In 1814, the Allies, among whom was to be found the King of Prussia, had allowed France to retain not only Sarrelouis and the right bank of the Sarre, but also Sarrebrück and the left bank. Why? Because they had recognized our historic right to the territory on the one hand, and the proprietary right of the French government to the coal mines of the region on the other.

The Sarre is, in fact, the centre of an important coal basin which was opened to use through the agency and the funds of the French government. Between 1808 and 1811 Napoleon had caused the engineers of the mining bureau to survey the three hundred and sixty-seven square kilometres of the basin of the Sarre; the results of this work were registered in an atlas, a veritable register of discovered mines, and the whole business was officially recognized as the most considerable operation of its kind ever executed in France, perhaps in Europe even.

In 1814 Prussian troops occupied the region of Sarrebrück, and in 1815 the Prussian Government, to whose attention the importance of the coal beds had been brought, demanded a rectification of the frontier of the previous year. The intention of that Government to have the mines is revealed by the second frontier which follows the very edge of the coal veins which were then known.

But this was not all. The Government of Prussia had the effrontery to demand the results of the work of French engineers; it asked for the atlas in which they had registered the results of their deliberations. This requisition was entirely contrary to the stipulations of the treaty of Paris of 1814, nevertheless, the Government of Louis XVIII had the weakness to yield, and on the 30th of July, 1817, ceded to Prussia the precious documents she claimed.

There you have your irrefutable proof that the Prussian administration turned the work of French engineers to its own use, and that for one more time the French State had worked for the *Roi de Prusse.*

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In claiming the Lorraine region of the Sarre, France merely asserts her right to her old frontiers; in claiming the coal beds of the Sarre, the French Government merely claims its own property.

To the historical side of the case, which dominates the debate over the matter, may be added a less sentimental but most powerful economic case.

Before and during the war Germany's greatest strength lay in the coal with which she was so abundantly provided. It was this coal which permitted of the unheard-of development of German metallurgy. The lack of coal, on the other hand, has been for a century the cause of the industrial mediocrity of France which has been forced to buy twenty million tons, a third of the total consumed, from abroad.

Germany's criminal destruction of our northern coal areas has cut our supply in half. Alsace and Lorraine use about twenty million tons. From whom shall they have it if our frontier remains that of 1815? We shall have to buy it of Germany, and shall find ourselves, after victory even, a tributary of the stranger for three fourths of our coal supply! And that 'stranger' will be the Government of Prussia!

A return to the frontier of 1815 will have as its consequence the economic vassalage of France to Germany. Is it admissible, is it possible that the heroism of our soldiers and the immensity of our sacrifices should end with such a result?

Le Petit Parisien

DEER

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Shy in their herding dwell the fallow deer.
They are spirits of wild sense. Nobody near
Comes upon their pastures. There a life they live,
Of sufficient beauty, phantom, fugitive,
Treading as in jungles free leopards do,
Printless as evelight, instant as dew.
The great kine are patient, and homecoming sheep
Know our bidding. The fallow deer keep
Delicate and far their counsels wild,
Never to be folded reconciled
To the spoiling hand as the poor flocks are;
Lightfoot, and swift, and unfamiliar,
These you may not hinder, unconfined
Beautiful flocks of the mind.

Reveille

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WALTHER RATHENAU TO COLONEL HOUSE

A SENTIMENTAL APPEAL

MR. COLONEL: For four years I have foreseen in the anguish of my heart the moment when all the hopes of my people, when all their national pride and self-respect, aye, when even faith in the justice of their cause would desert them. I have tried to imagine that life would cease, and that men would expire on the very streets from despair and hopelessness.

Nothing has happened. Life goes on. Men were like children playing about open graves.

Why do I write this to you?

Because the guilt of the German people is under discussion. The people went to war because they were told they must — that it was inevitable. The people let themselves be killed and they killed others and destroyed property because they were told, 'It is inevitable.' Now when they stand facing destruction, they open their eyes with astonishment for the first time and inquire: 'Must this happen?'

More than a century ago the great nations of the West heard the alarm cry of revolution and roused themselves to reform. Until yesterday we had never had a German revolution; for the affair of 1848 was merely a good-natured escapade of easy-going, conservative citizens. If Germany is guilty, this is its only guilt.

There are guilty individuals. In addition to the small group, who wanted a war out of insatiate thirst for power, we belong to that number. We, the tens or hundreds, who saw the war coming, who recognized its madness from the first, who knew its hopelessness, who condemned the violence and injustice that accompanied it, and who recognized that submarine warfare and the enmity of America were the beginning of its tragic end.

Our guilt is that we are still alive. We could not have made things otherwise.

I warned my people against war in my writings. When war was upon us, I organized our national supply of raw materials in order to prevent immediate disaster. My next task, to which I devoted my whole soul, was to bring about peace, reconciliation, repudiation of a policy of force and annexation. In July, 1917, I had my last personal interview with Ludendorff at the grand headquarters. I said to him, 'If you expect to enforce your unbounded demands, you will have to occupy London, Paris, and New York.' I pointed out to him the faulty figures and estimates of the navy and the impossibility of succeeding with the submarine campaign. He opposed to my criticism what he called his intuition; and that was only a reflection of his own unbounded authority. Only once have I counseled my nation to resistance. That was when this same Ludendorff forced the Government to adopt bankruptcy instead of liquidation.

Why do I tell you this?

To show you that all resistance was in vain against the old military Government, which had the power to crush every will and the information to enchain every intellect.

Germany is not guilty. In spite of all its parliaments the real wishes of

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Germany were strangled by a frightful military incubus. The revolution has liberated the will of the German people for the first time in its history, and that will is for peace.

Germany has always been a country exposed to external dangers. A territory that might appropriately support 30,000,000 has come to be occupied by 70,000,000. These people have lived by performing services for other nations, and in addition have found time to bless the world with many fair products of the spirit.

Our foreign trade is shattered. We are losing Alsace with its petroleum and potash, and Lorraine with its iron ore. Our colonial possessions are in danger of being taken from us. We have left but a single important raw material — coal. Our imperial union threatens to fly asunder. For three years our people have gone hungry and the population has ceased to grow. We are heavily in debt and have nothing with which to employ our labor. The peril of a huge war indemnity hovers over us. Our military power is disarmed. We are defenseless.

Why do I tell you this since you already know it? I do not do so in order to ask for mercy and pity, but in order to impress upon you a responsibility such as has not existed on the face of the earth since the human mind existed, and such as is not likely to exist again.

Mr. Colonel, our personal acquaintance was a short one. Nevertheless, you showed me some confidence, because I explained to you in confidence and sincerity the condition of my country, and assured you that only America could bring peace. My personal confidence in yourself, and in your friend and President, is unshakable. Moreover, never in the course of the war have I ceased for a moment to believe in the great traditions of America, France, and England. Your ambassador will have told you that up to the last moment I advocated maintaining friendship with America, and I have not betrayed your confidence. Will it compromise you as a free representative of a free country, if I speak to you as a German and as a fellow man? If that is so, refuse me a hearing and say, 'I do not know you.'

Never since the history of the world began have three governments and their political leaders, Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George, possessed such a power.

Never since the history of the world began has the existence or non-existence of a vigorous, healthy, gifted, industrious people and Government been so dependent upon a single decision of responsible statesmen.

If for decades and centuries to come the blooming cities of Germany are to lie desolate and ruined, its industries are to remain prostrate, its intellect is to be unproductive in science and art, and millions of German men and women are to be torn from their native soil and driven into banishment — if this result befalls, will the tribunal of history and the judgment of God decree that justice has been done that nation, and that three statesmen have given a righteous decision?

Will such an act of violence introduce a period of good will among nations?

Mr. Colonel, my life has passed its prime. I hope and fear nothing hereafter for myself personally. My country can no longer use me. I fancy I shall not long survive its ruin. As a weak member of a people wounded to the heart, but still struggling for belated liberation and a remnant of life, I address you as the representative of the most aspiring of all nations.

Four years ago we seemed to be your equal. It was only appearance, for we

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lacked that essential thing for the inner stability of nations, domestic freedom. To-day we are on the verge of annihilation, which is unavoidable if Germany is mutilated according to the counsel of those who wish this result.

For this must be said plainly, simply, impressively, so that everyone shall understand the frightful result, every nation and every generation, those now living and those that are to come: What we are threatened with, what hatred would visit upon us, is annihilation — annihilation of German life and civilization now and for all future time.

I do not appeal to your pity, but to your sense of human brotherhood. I know that no one cherishes this sentiment more profoundly than you and Wilson, and that no nation entertains it more fully than the great American nation, accustomed as it is to freedom and self-accountability.

Mankind carries a common responsibility. Every man shares in the responsibility for the fate of every other man whom he influences. Every nation shares responsibility for the fate of every other nation.

During these momentous days decisions are being made which are to determine the fate of humanity for centuries. Wilson has championed what no mundane authority has ever previously ventured to attempt: Peace, reconciliation, justice, and freedom for everyone. God grant that his words be made true.

If they are not made true, the old Sibylline oracle which Plutarch has handed down to us will apply: 'Victory will destroy the victors.' If they are made true, the world will be blessed with a new era, and the untold sacrifices of the war will not have been in vain.

I greet you with the trust of a man in his fellow man.

Vorwärts

TO THOMAS MACDONAGH

'Youth who had garnered all that old song could give you,
And rarer music in places where the bittern cries,
What new strange symphonies, what new music thrills you,
Flashing in light-loud magic beneath wildering skies?

'Singer of dawn-songs you who drink now at the fountain
Cry out as your own poet of the bittern cried,
Flood that new song, deep, drunken, rapturous, about us,
So shall these parched, sad hearts, drink deep, be satisfied.'

The Bookman *By Seumas O'Sullivan*

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WAS LORD ROBERTS RIGHT?

A LETTER FROM LORD HALDANE

LORD HALDANE writes to the *Times* with reference to its article on 'The Future of Military Service' as follows:

'Sir: To the main thesis of the leading article on the future of military service which appeared in your issue of Friday there will be general assent. That thesis is, in effect, that policy must lie at the foundation of military organization. But those who have had to give close study to this principle ask for its formulation in a fashion still more precise.

'They insist that before any attempt is made to organize an army the scientific purpose for which it is required shall be ascertained and exactly defined. This was sought, to take an example, in 1906, when the plans were first made for organizing the Expeditionary Force. It was, indeed, hoped earnestly that the existing peace would remain unbroken. But it was held as of high importance to insure against a conceivable conflagration. The Fleet was enlarged and the navy estimates were raised from thirty-six millions, at which figure they then stood, to fifty-one, the figure to which they were brought by Mr. McKenna and Mr. Churchill. If there were to be a war with Germany in which we stood alone, our security against invasion was decided by the Committee of Imperial Defense to be ample. This conclusion was come to after much consideration, and after investigating specific points brought before it in much detail by Lord Roberts and his advisers personally. But the paradox remained that if France also were attacked along with us, instead of France being left alone, we might be in a less favorable situation. For if a successful invasion of that country should give Germany the Channel ports of France as naval bases, she might, by the use of submarines and long-range guns, seriously imperil the control of the Channel by our navy, and, as a consequence, our position as an island. Against this danger there was only one way of providing. If we had a large navy France had a large army. That army was not quite sufficient to guard against attack along the entire eastern frontier of France by the still larger army of Germany. But careful calculation made by the French General Staff and our own showed that the addition of a comparatively small but very highly trained and organized Expeditionary Army from Great Britain to coöperate by defending the northern portion of the French frontier in conjunction with the French armies would be sufficient, having regard to the coöperation which was certain of the armies of Russia in engaging the German armies in the East. To the margin which Great Britain might possibly be thus asked to provide an addition of about sixty per cent was made for greater security in the plan as carried out later on. We were thus to put in as our contribution, in the event of a war which we intended to avert by every step in our power, the greatest navy to command the seas that the world had ever seen, and six divisions in addition to a cavalry force, being the army required to make up the requisite margin of military strength. The Ex-

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peditionary Force fashioned for this purpose was of a kind different from anything which this country had ever possessed before. It was organized for extremely rapid mobilization and concentration, to be at least as swift as that of the army of Germany; and as a means to this end its formations in time of peace were revolutionized by being given a divisional organization and by being made in time of peace exactly what they would have to be in time of war. Its commanders were also designated at once, so that they might in peace time train the units they would command should war unhappily break out. Besides this, all the accessories of these divisions were brought up to scientifically calculated war strength.

'Contrary to what is popularly supposed, the strength in effective artillery, both horse and field, was greatly increased under the guidance of Sir Douglas Haig and other members of the General Staff, and the exact guns and munitions which the newly created General Staff then asked for were provided. By 1911 this had been accomplished, and the reason of its accomplishment having been possible was that the purpose for which the organization was required had at the outset been precisely defined. Expansion was provided for through the medium of a second-line citizen army — the Territorial Force, with its organ of county associations. In this way many, such as physicians and surgeons and women for nursing and V.A.D. services, were brought in who could not have been reached through compulsory methods.

'The article in the *Times* suggests that we should have been better off if we had possessed, instead of these things, an army of a million men ready. Possibly! But did the writer ask himself the very serious question whether such an army could have been actually provided? For if the attempt had failed, not only would the floor of the House of Commons have been strewn with the wreckage of another army scheme, but the failure would have been the occasion of danger. It takes, as those who have had actual experience of what it means to try to reform an army system know, a long time to raise and prepare an army. In Germany and France it had taken generations. With us the first thing we should in particular have had to do would have been to have recruited an enormous addition to our establishment of officers in time of peace. For these would have been required not only when war broke out, like the members of the O.T.C. who engaged to serve on mobilization, but as their profession in peace time to train the new men. They could only have been got together if the country had developed an unexpectedly novel disposition to send its sons in largely increased numbers into the profession of an army officer. With unlimited expenditure some stimulus could, no doubt, have been given to such a movement. But it would have required a very long time to develop to the extent required. War time, in which people will gladly throw over their prospects of wealth and material success in order to save their country from imminent danger, is a very different thing from peace time. And, then, buildings and equipment and a multitude of other requisites would have had to be provided, a process which also involved delay. If all this had been taken in hand soon after the war of 1870, no doubt it could have been carried out had the country been eager for it. But in those days the country did not even dream of it. Why should it have tried to do what no other nation had done — to provide an enormous army in addition to an enormous navy?

'At all events it was, on purely military grounds, out of the question to run

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the risks attending such an attempt between 1906 and 1914. The General Staff had advised to this effect, reluctantly, I think, but very firmly. They thought of a pounce on us by Germany when we were changing horses while crossing the stream, and of the excuse of preparations for encirclement which Germany would have made to her people. But they would not look as a possible alternative to Lord Roberts's plan. That was directed merely to home defense. Now, home defense was not the vital strategical question. It was adequately provided for otherwise, in their view. Moreover, Lord Roberts's scheme did not even profess to provide the Expeditionary Army for the Continent which they regarded as the only adequate instrument for the immediately possible strategical requirement. That scheme would, besides this, in all probability have affected seriously the recruiting for the actual Expeditionary Force and for our great oversea garrisons for India and our dependencies. For these had to be raised for long and, therefore, voluntary service. We were already so short in our voluntary recruits that we were driven to recognize that no more than 148 battalions of the line could be adequately kept up, instead of the existing 156, which were at full establishment on paper only. The latter were short of their establishment, and eight of them had actually to be reduced in order to enable the Adjutant-General to provide full establishments for the increased number of battalions which had to be kept at home in full strength and in constant readiness to form the main structure of the divisions of the Expeditionary Force. The difficulties, military as well as other than military, in the way of raising by compulsion an Expeditionary Force for instant use were, in the language of a memorandum given to me by the late Chief of the General Staff, Field Marshal Lord Nicholson — words which lie before me as I write — "in my judgment insuperable." And yet that very able man would personally have much liked compulsory service had it been practicable. Not a single additional division could, in the opinion of the Adjutant-General, be got by voluntary enlistment. That had reached its limit. The War Office had done the best it could when its scheme was fully carried out, and it had to concentrate on perfecting its work. Its view, of course, was that the real frontier which it had to defend was the northern frontier of France, and that it had to do its utmost within a limited time. In the case of France remaining intact the sands of the seas round these islands were for protection by the navy, and, in the event of chance raids escaping its net, for the Territorial Force. The objective so defined differed *toto cœlo* from that of the National Service League, which based its scheme on the idea that the navy could not be relied on to make home defense secure, and did not direct its attention to the after-consequences in the Channel ports of France of what might happen on the Belgian frontier. For practical purposes the two objectives were wholly inconsistent, and we had to choose on which horse we should ride.

'I am, therefore, unable to agree with the suggestion in your article that if at some time during the period of the Governments of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith we had adopted compulsory service we should have been better prepared in 1914. For the reasons I have given I think that we should have been much worse prepared and might have lost the war. We accomplished exactly what we undertook. If the margin by which we succeeded was narrow, that was not our fault. There is at least one report on the expediency of attempting a com-

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pulsorily raised army, larger than the Expeditionary Force could be made, a report which must be in the archives of the General Staff, and which was made and signed by certain of its most distinguished officers. It would be interesting to the public could this, which was dated about 1912, be made available to it to-day.

'No doubt we all of us have miscalculated in a great many details, military and naval alike. But I do not think that either the War Office or the Admiralty miscalculated on the main issues. On those issues it was the great General Staff of Germany that made an astounding strategical blunder in failing to understand what it really meant to engage in war with a Power which had prepared to keep command of the sea. The second blunder of the German strategists lay in shrinking from the bold attempt which it was vital to them to make of using their submarines and destroyers to prevent the transport of the Expeditionary Force when it was mobilized on the morning of Monday, August 3, 1914.

'I am, Sir, yours obediently,

'Haldane.'

The Times

WORKING ON THE LAND

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES

BY E. S. WILKINSON

When first the appeal for women to come out and work on the land was made, my only thought was — 'Well, that is not a job that will ever find me at it, because it is n't going to be any good.' I was obviously just the person to volunteer, being tall and strong, and the right age! (Exactly what the 'right age' is I will not divulge, but I was not too old or too young.) Also, I had lived in the country all my life, and been good friends with all the farmers in the district. Perhaps this is why I was so full of pessimism. I knew enough about the conditions and hours of farm work to know that it was not *only* contrariness that made a man say, 'What's t' use of a lot o' women on t' pleace — what's t' foreman off t' deea wiv a lot o' women when t' weather's rough? — women can't drave t' 'osses t' ploo', and wheer's off t' larn 'em? I'se seer I s'ant.' And though I always made a point of arguing that they had no reason for being so damping t they had given us a trial, I felt that they were right. We *were* no use on the land if we could only do 'soft jobs,' and how many of us knew what we were in for, and were prepared to stick the rough jobs? So I went on taking my weekly turns at the V.A.D. Hospital.

Boots thought differently. She always had more courage about going for a thing than I had. I will introduce her, and the way she went for it, in the next paragraph.

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'It's no use going to work on the land without proper boots!' was one of the first axioms Boots arrived at, and so she got her name.

Now Boots was at first full of the bliss of ignorance, where I had the folly to be wise, so she struck out for the land, and hired a pony trap! The connection may seem remote at first sight, but it must be remembered that this was long before the palmy days of the 'Women's Land Army' and the setting up of training centres. The farmers' willingness to encourage and employ women was most conspicuous by its absence, and the only possibility of getting a job was by going round to the farms and demanding work with such persistence that at last, in sheer self-defense, you were taken on. Doubtless the farmer added under his breath, 'She won't be here a fortnight.'

Well, in the part of the country of which I am writing, the farms are very large and isolated, and tramping round them in search of work would have been a long and tedious job, so as I say, Boots hired a pony trap and drove.

Who ever heard of a farm hand *driving* in search of work? Boots found it, nevertheless. Not all in a moment though, and only after many refusals, and questionings as to what she thought she was going to do if she came. Luckily, Boots had no idea, and answered, 'Oh! anything you like to put me to,' and on the basis of that willingness, at last a brave man took the risk and offered her a hoeing job on 'piece work.'

On 'piece work,' mind you — an amateur will not get rich hoeing by 'piece,' and if he undertakes to pay his keep at so much a week, he may work ten or twelve hours a day at a loss. But there was the opening, and Boots took it, and put away the pony, and began to turn old clothes into that dignified class of goods called 'kit.' I can't say I know a great deal about the life and work of Boots after she sallied forth with her kit on this new venture.

I was working in my V.A.D. Hospital in a rather desultory sort of way, and from time to time I had news of 'back-aching jobs' and 'hot harvest fields,' and mixed up with them the joy of being up and out in the very early morning. But I was a confirmed pessimist, I suppose, and merely thought 'it may be a joy but it is n't any use.'

Then Boots's ardor began to wane. Winter was coming on, and with it mud and wind and rain — and through it all the feeling that she was n't essential, and in fact the thought that if she was n't there it would really make very little difference. Then one week-end when she was home we chanced to meet, and discovered we had both got the war disease of 'I'm sick of my job' very badly, and we decided to throw in our lot together and get a different one. So it came about that, full of importance and bustle, we wrote letters and had interviews, and dreamed of earning £5 a week in a munition factory, or £3 as a clerk. The outcome of it all was that we were put down for a new department connected with a shell factory, which was to open in a month, and Boots left her farm and I resigned from my hospital, and we began to go about saying good-bye to our friends. And that, to be quite accurate, was my first step towards work on the land. A strange way to start you will think, but sometimes when you follow a new road you suddenly arrive at where you least expect.

Yes! there's no doubt about it, the land does call!

If you have once given yourself time to hear and know her voice, you will never forget. Wherever you are, and whatever you are doing, it will always come back to your mind.

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The earth will teach you to love her carefully; she will not hurry, and if you cannot be content to learn slowly, you will never learn at all. I think, really, the only way to get to the bottom of it is to work in the fields — to be out in them all day, and to come home tired in the evening. I think the land will not be very kind to you unless you are tired in the evening. But let the sun get low, so that the shadows come slanting across the fields, so low that even the furrows you have ploughed have little shadows in them; let it find you with your horses steaming and your feet tired, so that they will hardly swing down the furrow for the last few turns; and then let it be time to 'loose out' and go home, with your plough traces jingling by your horses' sides — you won't forget. I can hear them now as I sit here in London.

It was this inexorable call of the land that turned me aside from the new department-at-a-shell-factory and took me reluctantly to the fields. I repeat reluctantly. Let no one be deceived. I did not hear the call. I suppose I was not listening; and, anyway, the earth calls very softly. But even if she had shouted in my ear, I doubt if I should have heard. My mind was on a lathe, and pounds of wages a week.

Was it likely that grinding away at a job I had already condemned, and earning the large sum of 16*s.* or 18*s.* a week, would appeal to me?

But between me and my little lathe were two obstacles. In the first place there was Boots, and in the second the month's delay before our deparment opened.

I think it was the delay that saved us; if we had been able to start right away it would have been different. Boots would not have had time to find out she must go back. And there we should have been with a clanking, clacking machine, instead of the sound of wind and rain and birds; and instead of weary limbs and sleeps, a frowzy headache.

Not many days of that month had passed before Boots knew she must go back. At first she did not say much about it, as she also knew she had said she would take this other job with me, and felt bound to go on with it. It was no good though. You may loathe the sight of the fields sometimes; you may hate every farm implement in the world, and feel quite certain that if you don't leave in a minute you will become a turnip; rooted to the spot, with mouldy green hair, and no ambition in life but to grow round and fat, and be exactly the same as all the other turnips in all the other rows, in all the other turnip fields in all the world. But leave the land, and from that moment, though you may not know it, you begin to return.

At last Boots could bear it no longer, and said bravely: 'It's no good, I can't go and work in a town, and be shut up in an office or factory or anything else. I must go back on to the land, and if you don't mind, will you come with me?'

I was certainly a little bored, but the other work was hanging fire, and after all we had thrown in our lot together, so I raked up some false enthusiasm and said 'All right.'

It was still early days, and work was not to be had for the asking, though a land campaign was afoot, and many meetings called by pioneer enthusiasts. But farmers were still wary, and kept clear of them. They wanted the proof of the pudding without the eating, and I think they thought we looked thoroughly indigestible.

At last, on the strength of her persistent searching and her previous experience, Boots found a job, and after she had been at work a few days the farmer recklessly said he would see her

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friend (that meant me), and if she seemed a likely sort of person he would take her on as well. I have a very great admiration for that farmer. His friends told him clearly that we should not be there more than a week or two, and he would have all his trouble for nothing. And they also explained to him in detail the amount of damage we should have time to do in the few weeks we survived. However, he stuck to his guns, and as far as I know he did not even insure against female labor. Perhaps the premium would have been too high.

I was hired in the cattle market. I walked in at 10.30 A.M. as a very ordinary mortal of the tennis party, afternoon tea, and summer hats variety, and I left it about ten minutes later as 't' Low-House thuddy,' with the prospect of earning 18*s.* a week, and the possibility of a 2*s.* rise if I 'framed well.' The next few days were spent in collecting 'kit.' Boots and leggings I achieved without any financial loss from the bottom shelf of my father's boot rack! They were about ten sizes too large for me, but by putting several pairs of cork soles inside them I succeeded in stopping them rattling, and at least they were 'boots,' and not brown paper coverings for the feet. Then came the question of where, in the matter of skirts, decency ended and convenience began.

A long skirt was naturally quite out of the question, but no skirt at all was a different matter, and to have appeared then in what is now the accepted uniform of the land army, would have distinctly meant asking for trouble. We eventually compromised with 'frills.' They were rather more than knee deep, and manufactured from old tweeds, with the help of a pair of scissors. Boots and I used to meet and have councils of war about these 'frills,' and full-dress rehearsals. Then we would survey each other from a distance, and cogitate on the difficult point of whether propriety would allow the removal of another inch from the bottom.

At last we arrived at what we thought would be satisfactory from all points of view, and armed with boots and leggings, 'frills' and Tam o' Shanters, and an old overcoat, we reached our farm one Sunday night, to plunge into the unknown on Monday morning.

'Ka-a-ate' — followed by silence — 'Ka-a-ate,' and a sleepy voice through the wall behind me said 'Orl right!' That was the first order I heard given on the farm, and it meant that it was time that Kate, the 'maiden,' got up and lit the fire. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was 5 A.M. and pitch dark! 'Well! you've done it now!' thought I; 'you're in it!' And I lit the tallow candle and jumped out of bed. I did n't take long to dress, or wash either, for that matter — the water was, naturally, as cold as ice, and not encouraging to loiter with — jersey, coat, frill, and hat were soon in their places, and with my boots in my hand I crept along the passage to my mate's room, and together we stole downstairs in our stocking feet to the kitchen. Everyone always puts their boots on in the kitchen in a farm house, and by this time Kate had got the fire well away, and it was nice and warm. Now I think the inmates of the farm must have been full of curiosity as to what these two women who proposed to work on the land were going to wear; but people of the north country are not wasters of words, and the farmer made no comment except that we were to 'get our brekkusts' as soon as 'they' were ready, and then he would come and 'set us on.' We finished lacing our boots and leggings, and started to eat

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breakfast, and I wondered badly what was going to happen next. It was beginning to get light by this time, and nearly six o'clock, and about six 't' master' came in and took us out! It would not be of any particular interest to explain in detail what we did that day. The jobs were various, and I know for myself I was pretty slow. We spent a good part of the day chopping up some old dead fencing in the middle of a grass field. It was very nearly lambing time, and it wanted clearing to prevent the lambs getting caught in it when they were turned away there. The chief event of that day, which stands clear in my memory, is thinking it must be nearly dinner time, and looking at my watch to find that it 'wanted' ten minutes to 8 A.M.! One gets many shocks of that description when one starts working on the land. In the first place, a twelve-hour day takes a bit of getting used to; but another reason for days seeming long is that the new comer is not experienced enough to be sent off alone on a job for the day, but is kept round the buildings, dodging about at odd jobs, under the vigilant eye of the foreman. And every true 'farm hand' knows that 'dodging about at odd jobs round the buildings makes long days.'

At last that first day ended, and we came in to tea. It must not be thought from that that we had hated it, or that as far as I know we had not enjoyed it, but for myself I must confess I was surprised at its interminable length. It did not seem to me like a day at all, only vistas of hours stretching out before me till the farmer came and shouted 'Dinner's ready' over the hedge — then an hour that exploded like a squib, and then more vistas stretching away till the sun went down and it was 'night,' So a week or two passed, and we began to feel our way. To have become expert at any single job I lay no claim, unless it be putting turnips into a cart. (There is more than meets the eye in almost every kind of farm work.) But at least we were finding our feet; we discovered that days did end, and that, however tired you were, the night generally put it right. I began to gain a sort of confidence that sooner or later I should be able to do some useful work, and, greatest achievement of all, the men learned to understand that we might be raw and we might be slow, but at least we were willing and not afraid of work or weather; and so they thought it worth their while to give us a helping hand, and show us little tricks of the trade for making work lighter and doing it less clumsily. With this began a debt I can never repay, to all the men I have worked with, wherever I have worked. They belong to the land, these men, and they are not quick in movements, speech, or thought. Why should they be? It is not quick wit and an eye to business that ploughs the fields in the autumn, or is responsible for their shining green with corn in the spring of the year. It is indomitable patience and hard, clean work. There are no greedy bargains driven when you work with the soil as your partner. She will not cheat you, if you are willing to do your share. Read in the newspaper under the heading 'Partnerships dissolved,' you will not find among them 'The Laborer and the Land.' The farm men know a lot of things, of which many people never catch a glimpse; they find them out themselves, and sometimes it takes a long time. The land does not say, 'I will show you'; she says, 'Find out, and it will be worth while.' I would say the same about the farm laborer. He will not show you himself; but 'find him out, and it will also be worth while.' I know I have found a host of friends.

At the end of three weeks the first

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strangeness of the life began to wear off. Boots and I felt that, figuratively speaking, we had 'put our hands to the plough,' and shortly after this the day came when we did it literally. I have been asked over and over again, 'Can you plough? Is n't it awfully hard work? And how long did it take you to learn?' so perhaps it would be of interest to write a little of my first experiences. It all began because Bob, 'the wagoner's lad,' had toothache. It was bad toothache, and he had to go to the dentist at S——, sixteen miles away, which took the whole day. The upshot of it was that to prevent his horses standing idle the foreman told me overnight, 'Yer can coom up to t' forty acre in t' mornin', and see how yer frame wiv Bob's ploo.' So 'in t' mornin'' I went up to the forty acre, and there was old Brown with two horses and a plough! The wagoner had lent me one of his horses for my first attempt, and taken the young horse himself. It was very great good nature on his part to do this, as a wagoner on a big farm always has his own particular pair of horses, and is very loath to let anyone else drive them. However, he said, 'I thowt it 'ud be best for you to tak' Prince. 'E gangs weel on t' "land," and Boxer's a grand old 'oss in t' "furrow." Banker 'ere, 'e's a bit ower keen for a start.'

Well, Brown, the foreman, took the plough, and I walked beside him down the furrow until he had got the plough set to his liking. Then he said, 'Tak' 'old of her—you want to just keep 'er steady, and deean't press ower 'ard on t' 'andles—let her gang wiv herself.'

I took hold, feeling very nervous, and she did go more or less 'wiv herself' as far as the end. Then I had to turn round, and I had n't the vaguest notion what to do. The horses knew their part of the business, and started round the headland quite confidently. Behind them, in a trailing tangle, came the plough and myself. Oh, yes! it fell over all right, and it nearly knocked me down with it. I left the horses to it, and they trailed it to its place on its side. Old Brown laughed and picked it up, and said he would take it round the next end himself, and then I should see! I certainly saw, and it looked as easy as walking across a road; but a plough does n't make friends all at once. Brown gave it me back, and I started off again down the length of the furrow; when I got to the end, I turned round to ask for advice, and far away on the other side of the field I saw Brown disappearing on his way to another job!

That was all the ploughing lesson I had officially. The rest I learned by experience (sometimes very bitter) from the plough itself and my horses—particularly from 'little Sam,' of whom I will tell you more later on.

Boots and I had not been on this farm a full year when circumstances arose which made it advisable to leave and go to a new 'spot.'

We did this for various reasons that it would only be tiresome to enumerate, though to avoid misunderstandings it would perhaps be as well to say that it had nothing at all to do with the work, and the really deciding factor was that our master, the tenant of the farm, died, as the result of a riding accident, and the farm was shortly going to change hands. As far as I was concerned I left with many regrets, and though in the matter of knowledge of farm work I knew I had only touched the edge of it, I had at least tried my hand at a variety of jobs, and in many cases learned some of the ways of dealing with them which it is best to avoid!

Boots and I were engaged to go to another farm before we actually left the old one. We snatched a fortnight's

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holiday, however, and rushed off to London, where we spent all the wages we had saved, very quickly, and pretended we had never been yokels in our lives. If London had been interested enough to notice us, as we passed, I don't suppose it would have been taken in. There was too much wind and weather in our faces, and too much plough-boy's roll in our steps, for London pavements.

At this new farm we were to be *bona fide* 'horse lads,' with a pair of horses each to work, and another (used for odd jobs) to look after. We were supposed to know enough about ploughing, harrowing, carting, and the driving of horses, to make us responsible for the horse work of a farm of two hundred acres, of which about one hundred acres was arable land or 'tillage.' Of course, we were under the eagle eye of Dan, the foreman, but as he had fifty beasts to look after and fodder, he could not do more than 'set us on' and hope for the best. It was November when we went, and for quite a number of weeks our main job was ploughing. Up till now we had only been doing this kind of work with the other men, and then only when there were horses to spare for us. That meant that we had never really discovered how much we could get through in a day, because what we did not do was always finished by someone else. Now we knew that we were directly responsible for the work being done; there was no one else to pick up the bits, and we had got to know the worst or best of ourselves.

Dan was one of the finest farm foremen that you could ever meet. There was no branch of farm work at which he was not an expert. To see him stacking, thatching, or 'setting a rigg' with a plough was an education in itself. He knew good work when he saw it, and he knew a good day's work when he saw it, and what is more, he demanded both from all who worked under him. Boots and I came with a kind of hearsay reputation of having tried our hands at most of the main items of farm work, but Dan was not content with hearsay. He set himself to find out just what we could do.

'What sort o' land is't ut you've ploughed?' he said.

'Oh!' I said, 'it's lightish land, a kind of chalky "soil."'

'Well,' said Dan, 'it's on limestone here, so it won't be much different. Have yer done owt on an 'illside?'

'We ploughed a 16-acre field on a steepish hillside,' I replied.

Dan grunted. 'Can yer tak yer own furrows up?' was the next question.

Yes! we'd done that. Then — 'Can yer set yer own riggs?'* he demanded, and here we had to confess we could n't.

'Well,' said Dan, 'yer'll have to set 'em here — you're t' wagoner' (this to Boots), 'and t' wagoner's forced to set 'is own riggs.'

The next thing was to 'set us on,' and see how we framed. I was not a little nervous when the first morning he said, 'Gear Sam and Jock for t' plough, and I'll tak' yer up as sean as I've got me brekkust.'

Jock had n't been out for a week, and he was full of beans, and danced about all the way up to the field. Dan helped me to yoke in, and then I started off, and hoped against hope that I should n't 'have a balk' straight away. (A balk, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is when through hitting a stone, or through clumsy handling, your plough jumps clean out of the furrow and skims along the surface. Woe betide you if when this happens you merely try and dive in again a few yards farther on, leaving an untouched piece behind you. It is the hall mark of the

* A rigg is the first furrow or mark set across an unploughed field.

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careless slipshod ploughboy, to leave 'bits of balks' all over the field. If you have a 'balk' you must turn your horses and plough round, and come in again behind it, and plough it out.)

As a matter of fact I did not begin with one; and after a few minutes Dan, murmuring something about 'It allus made me nervous to have folks watching me,' left me and went to his own work. He had seen enough to know that at least the land was going to get 'turned over,' and he knew that time and practice alone would teach me how to make a really good job.

He came up to the field again once or twice during the day, and made very few comments; but I knew he was taking it all in. As we sat in the kitchen at tea time I said: 'Dan, how much have I ploughed?' 'Why,' he said, 'I should think about half an acre!' Now, I had calculated myself I had ploughed about three quarters of an acre, and I really think I was not far short of it. However, Dan, as I discovered later, always worked on the principle that 'a man's reach must exceed his grasp' — or what's a foreman for? I did not contradict his estimate aloud, but I made a mental resolve that I would try and do a little more the next day.

An acre a day is, of course, the more or less recognized day's work with a single furrow plough and two horses. Conditions of land and weather and short, dark days sometimes make it impossible to do this; but in the main it is an average that can be kept up without overdoing your horses or yourself.

The winter set in early, and the frost was very severe. Some of the younger men said they had never known such a hard winter since they started work, and the older hands said, 'There'd bin nowt like it sin' '95.' Seven weeks on end we were frost bound, and nothing could be done in the way of working the land. It is at such times as these that the 'plain' jobs arise, and the one saving grace is that some of them keep you warm.

First of all came a long spell of 'plugging muck,' and it is work that is not the least bit better than it sounds. In plain English it means cleaning out the fold-yards and 'scaling' them over the fields. Four 'folds' we had, and getting on for fifty tons in each; and well-trampled fold-yard manure does not 'help itself' into a cart or out of it. You've got to get down to it with a muck fork and 'rive' it out and swing it up on to the load. There's art in this too, when you come to do it; and you can do twice the work with half the labor when you know how to set about it. I said 'rive' just now; but if Dan knew I'd said it, he would say, 'That's just what you don't want to do.' Often when Boots and I were struggling with an unwieldy lump, he would burst out: 'What do you want to go "riving" and "tearing" there for? *Yon's* what's fastening it. Get t' top off, and it'll come wiv itself.' An optimist indeed; and then under his breath, 'By lad, but it's fast!'

So the days went by and the tide in the fold-yards ebbed away, and you said cheerily to your mate: 'I'm on t' bottom here,' and 'How many more loads will take it?' Our horses had a troublous time. All the tillage fields were up a hill, and it took three horses to pull each load up. The frost had the ground in irons, and there was ice everywhere, and woe betide my little Sam, or any other, if he lost his frost nails from his shoes. At last I came down with my empty cart and met Boots coming up. 'You'll get it this time!' she shouted, and soon a little heap on the floor of the yard was 'loadened up' and the muck was out. 'Let's give a dance,' we said; but next morning fresh straw was on the bottom

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and the beasts were in the yard, and the tide had turned. So the eternal round goes on.

After the muck-loading we turned our attention to mending the farm roads, and the best of one hundred tons of stone were strewn in the ruts and muddy places about the estate, and then running through both these items was the endless undercurrent of work connected with feeding the stock.

'You can go to pull turnips while dinner time,' said Dan when we came out from breakfast in the morning. There was sometimes more in that than meets the eye. I remember days when all the ground was white, and the novice would not have known where to look for turnips at all.

Boots and I only knew because we knew where they had been sown; but we were 'old hands' now. We had learned many little tips for improving a bad situation. At a crisis like this, three bags apiece and some Massey-Harris twine were invaluable. First we planted each foot in the middle of a bag and picked up the ends and tied them round the knees with Massey-Harris — then the third bag served as an apron. Next a couple of bits of Massey-Harris round your wrists to keep the wind out of your sleeves, and looking like nothing less than a South Pole expedition, we sallied forth. The fields were white as a sheet, and not even the tops of the turnips visible sometimes. A hoe was necessary to find them at all, and with it one of us struck into a row and knocked the tops off by following the line of it, and the other came behind and pulled and cleaned the turnips with a knife and drag. It was a slow job at the best, and on mornings with a fog and rime on everything there is very little to be said for it except that the stock must not starve. Even here, though, there was recompense. I shall never forget one morning in early March, as the sun rose red over the snow on the hillsides, and reflected red in the curves of the river below. No sign of spring was abroad, but the trees were a wonderful madder brown. In spite of the snow, I suppose the sap was stirring in their branches, and life was tingling through them with the promise of spring. That's the amazing thing about work on the land — aching fingers with cold, and aching back with stooping, the turnips temporarily mislaid under a deep snow — and yet the chief memory left in my mind is a red sun rising over snow, and the river winding red, and a certain contentment that the work was done.

At last the frost broke, and we got back to our ploughs. Sowing time was close upon us, and now it was work indeed. 'Gear your horses before brekkust,' said Dan — 'you mau n't be 'angin' about round 't stable after brekkust now — and keep 'em going. You doan't want to be waastin' time turnin' round at furrow ends. Yon field owt to be finished this week, and then we'll get t' 'arrows in tiv it.' Even now the weather would not let us have it all our own way. Snow and slush kept hanging about, and the 'old hand' knows that time spent ploughing in spring with the land too wet is time worse than lost, because it will not harrow down to a good 'seed bed' without frost to temper it. It taxed Dan's patience and judgment to the utmost to decide when time was being saved by *not* getting on with the work, and when it was possible to catch even an hour or two safely.

At last 'yon field' was ploughed, and the weather took a turn, the land dried up, and then it was away with the ploughs and out with the harrows. This was indeed a testing time. I know Dan was nervous. Up till now it had been a case of going 'steady away' and doing a fair average day's work. Now

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the corn had to be got into the ground as soon as possible, and Boots and I had to 'face the music.' Poor old Dan did n't want to overdo us, but we were all the material he had, and there was nothing for it but to force the pace as much as he could. After a few days I think he began to realize that it was going to be all right.

The hard frosts of the winter made the land break up quickly, and thanks to our priceless and willing horses, we were harrowing about fourteen acres a day with a pair of harrows each.

Dan came kicking his toes into the ground to see what sort of a seed bed it was, and grunted satisfaction. 'Single it over once more,' he said, 'and it'll be fit for drilling to-morn.'

'To-morn' Boots fetched the drill, and she and Dan fettled it up. The seed corn was dumped in sacks at convenient intervals for filling up the drill. I yoked into some light harrows to follow the drill, and away we started. A corn drill varies in design and size, and some take a wider 'breed' at a time than others. A drill with nine spouts should sow nine acres a day, with thirteen spouts, thirteen acres — that is, one acre a day for each spout. Not so Dan. The first day (and on a hillside withal) we sowed sixteen acres, and the second day sixteen again. Thirty-two acres in two days; and dog tired though we were, we were all a little proud of ourselves. The second day my horse, 'Jock,' distinguished himself by an attack of 'colic.' The soundest cure, without resorting to medicine, is to walk the horse about; and Boots and I loved him dearly, as we took turns marching him up and down the lane while the other had tea. When one comes in dead to the world it is not a thing one bargains for; but with a good wagoner your horses come before yourself, and we were too proud to hand old 'Jock' over to someone else, and eventually he took a turn for the better, and we rolled into bed, too weary to speak perhaps, but satisfied.

The field that was ploughed late did not break up so well, and took a lot of working down. We had to use a Cambridge roller on it several times to make a job of it at all, but eventually it reached a stage when we could do no more, and that too was sown and all the spring corn in the ground. 'Shut the gate on it now till harvest,' we said. That is not quite *literally* true, because the young corn needs rolling, and then there is hoeing time, or 'luking' as we called it; but it is a saying common among farm laborers, to signify that the essential fact of a future harvest, as far as it is dependent on them, is assured. Up and down the roads and over the hedges at this time of the year you will hear us call to each other: 'Well, 'ave yer gotten all sown?' and the answer, 'Ay, we can shut gate on't now!'

Blackwood's Magazine

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THE WHITEWASHED WALL

BY THOMAS HARDY

WHY does she turn in that shy soft way
  Whenever she stirs the fire,
And kiss to the chimney-corner wall,
  As if entranced to admire
Its whitewashed bareness more than the sight
  Of a rose in a garden green?
I have known her long, but this raptured rite
  I never before have seen.

— Well, her soldier-son cast his shadow there,
  And a friend took a pencil and drew him
Upon that flame-lit wall. And the lines
  Had a lifelike semblance to him.
And there long stayed his familiar look;
  But one day, ere she knew,
The whitener came to cleanse the nook,
  And covered the face from view.

'Yes,' he said: 'my brush goes on with a rush;
  And the draught is buried under;
When you have to whiten old cots and brighten,
  What else can you do, I wonder?'
But she knows he's there. And when she yearns
  For him, lone in the moaning night,
She sees him as close at hand, and turns,
  And kisses him under the white.

Reveille

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OSTEND IN 1914

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B

'HAVE you got any uniform?'

I got up from my table in what used to be the First Sea Lord's room at the Admiralty to meet no less a man than the Chief of the War Staff. It was between six and seven o'clock on a fine summer's evening, August 25, 1914 — the day when the little Old Contemptibles were standing, hard pressed, at Le Cateau, the Belgian army from Malines was approaching Louvain, and the Hun had begun there the practices which will make the name of Prussian 'militarism' stink in the nostrils of all right-minded peoples in generations yet unborn.

In the comparative peace of an office it seemed much like any other evening. The sun was blazing into the room through the leaves of the trees of St. James's Park, and the shadow of the Memorial to the Royal Marines who went the way of glory in China and South Africa lay strongly defined across the grass. The usual crowd in civilian attire was wending its way homewards from Whitehall by the footpaths and across the Mall. We all wore plain clothes in those days at the Admiralty, and, having been ordered up in a hurry from Portsmouth on the first day of naval mobilization, August 2, 1914, I had brought no uniform with me. I held the rank of Colonel at the time, but from 1908 to 1913 had served in the army as a Brigadier-General, which explains my answer.

'I'm not sure, but I think I have some Brigadier-General's uniform at my tailor's, which I could get if he is still open.'

'Then you'll have to be promoted. You had better hurry up, as you are to take command of a force of Marines at once, and occupy Ostend at daybreak to-morrow morning. You must get down to Chatham to-night, and join H.M.S. —— at Sheerness. The First Lord will tell you all the rest before you start.'

That was an interesting proposition, not without an element of excitement. The first point to settle was who was to come first, my tailor, or the First Lord. The tailor, obviously, because his establishment would close in a few minutes, and the First Lord would not be likely to be leaving the office for dinner before 8 P.M. To the tailor by taxi, just in time; a hasty mustering of kit, tight and uncomfortable, and blue instead of service dress, but better than going off to hold a General's command on service against the German army in a gray flannel suit and a straw hat, which, as far as I can remember, was what I was wearing at the time. Then full speed to Eaton Place, where a kind friend was putting me up. A hasty simultaneous packing and explanation, a commission to the son of the house, a great personal chum, to get me an electric torch, and some handy form of soup essence, the two things most useful on my last campaign, as far as I could remember at the moment. A foolscap sized order-book with carbon paper for copies, picked up on my way, and back to the Admiralty by about 7.45 to see the First Lord.

I do not know whether all people are affected in the same way by soft and

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noiseless carpets. There is something about them which with me always causes a sense of abasement towards their owners. The Admiralty building contains many corridors, but only one of them is covered with material to soften the footfall of those who approach the Presence. Across that awe-inspiring corridor I was escorted by a messenger. Even after eight years spent in the great Government offices, the messengers who protect the inmates from the public still inspire me with the reverence felt by Dean Hole in the presence of the butler to a Duke; but let that pass. The messenger showed me into the inner sanctuary on the first floor of the Admiralty, looking across the Horse Guards Parade to the Foreign Office. With the First Lord was the Chief of Staff and the Adjutant-General of Marines. I was given my orders, and asked my requirements. These were maps, two hundred bicycles, five hundred rounds of ammunition per rifle; as little personal kit for the men as possible, one or two staff officers, with the proper headquarter 'details,' without which it is impossible to handle a 'brigade,' as the force was called, in the field, and — 'Can I have those orders in writing, please?'

That went without saying, of course, and, followed by wishes for good luck, I went off to my room to square up my Admiralty work. The words of a lecture on tactics once delivered to young officers then occurred to me. It ended with the words, 'Don't forget the three most important points when you go on active service: (1) Think of your men before you think of yourself; (2) Eat, drink, and sleep whenever you get a chance; and (3) Grease your boots.' The first and third did not apply to the present situation, the second did. The Admiralty restaurant did their best in the time available, and while I was dealing with a cold meal and a railway guide simultaneously the good friend arrived with his motor, an electric torch, the soup essence, his favorite knife (which I still have), and twenty pounds in gold — a detail I had forgotten to provide.

Before leaving the Admiralty I called for my orders, which were given me, with the latest information (8.30 P.M.) from people in London who had left Ostend that day in a hurry, because the German troops were said to be approaching the town. The Belgian garrison had been removed to Antwerp, leaving Ostend undefended except for about two hundred gendarmes, who 'engaged about three hundred German Uhlans, who came from Thielt.' These gendarmes having 'suffered about forty-five casualties, and having defended the honor of the town, intend to surrender when larger forces of Germans arrive.' That added considerably to the interest of the situation. I caught my train to Chatham, was met by an officer on the naval Commander-in-Chief's staff, had a charming interview with the Commander-in-Chief himself at Admiralty House, and soon was sleeping peacefully in the stern sheets of a picket boat racing down the Medway to Sheerness with the lights of Chatham fading away in the distance.

It must have been some time between 1 A.M. and 2 A.M. on the 26th when we arrived alongside the gangway of H.M.S. ——. The Admiral had left a message that he would like a talk with me, and I gathered that one of the battalions — the R.M.L.I. from Chatham — was to go over in the same ship, and was not expected to arrive till morning. That put out of the question any idea of my carrying out my orders to occupy Ostend at daybreak. At all events, it is a well-known principle that 'from high-water mark to high-water mark' all responsibility for

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the movement of oversea expeditionary forces rests with the navy, and the best course was obviously to turn in and get what might prove to be the last chance of a night's rest for some time. The Chatham battalion of R.M.L.I. arrived early in the morning — rather a wonderful record, if they got the orders at the same time as I got mine, because they brought tons of stores and equipment with them, and I had brought none. We got under way after breakfast, and spent the time studying the chart and the one map I had managed to purloin before leaving the Admiralty. The voyage was without incident, but somewhat enlivened by a suggestion that if we found Ostend in the possession of the German army I might land at some point near by, and so turn them out. With that army at the strength with which it was credited, that was a high compliment to our resourcefulness, but after conferring with the Admiral, and gathering that he had a pressing engagement elsewhere next day (since disclosed as the great sweep of the Heligoland Bight, in which he took part), we decided that the best course would be to defer wrestling with any new problems until he had cleared up the situation at Ostend.

We arrived there in the evening, and anchored some way out, in fact so far that the coast line could hardly be distinguished in the failing light, and there was little to be seen of the town but two smudges on the horizon, one obviously the big lighthouse, and the other subsequently proved to be a high water tower. By that time it was blowing freshly, and there was rather a nasty short sea. To put men in marching order into boats under such conditions was out of the question, but we received a report from the shore that Ostend had not been occupied by the enemy, and decided to defer the landing till 3.30 the next morning, August 27. So after all there was to be another night in a man-of-war's cabin, which I know from experience to be the best place in the world for sound sleep. As the flagship was anchored so far out, and it was important to be nearer the shore so as to be able to land quite early, get in touch with the Belgian authorities, and clear up the situation as soon as possible, I decided to move to a smaller war-vessel drawing less water and anchored close to the town. My 'headquarters' were, accordingly, shifted that night. If rather deficient in essentials, these headquarters had the advantage of being mobile, consisting, as they did, of myself, a small valise, a map, an order-book, an electric torch, a packet of soup extract, twenty pounds in gold, and a friend's pocket-knife. At the last moment I enlisted the services of a lieutenant-commander in the navy, an expert in gunnery and in aircraft, who rose to the occasion and accepted the post of Brigade-Major.

We managed to get about three hours' sleep on board, and we landed together at 3 A.M., having added to the headquarters equipment a small Union Jack, 'borrowed' from His Majesty's ship in which we had spent the night. Arriving on the quay, we found the Mayor and chief officials, who had heard that we should arrive earlier, and had spent an hour or so waiting for us in some discomfort in the draughty harbor station. As the first battalion was timed to land in a few minutes, there was not much time for formalities; in fact, for the next twenty hours or so, there was not much time for anything but organizing work, and the issue of orders. Information about the enemy was scanty, and had to be improved. There was not even time to run round in a car and look at the lie of the ground; all that could be done was to make some sort of a plan to hold the

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approaches, divide the ground up into sections, and send the battalions, off as they arrived, which they began to do in about a quarter of an hour, bringing with them about three hundred tons of stores which had to be man-handled on the quay by our own men. There was no other labor available.

Here I will quote from a letter written from Ostend, three days afterwards, to a friend highly placed on the Admiralty War Staff.

All well and happy, but a real strenuous time. Seems about a month instead of about four days. Men behaving *splendidly*. Conditions trying, no transport, and seven miles of front intersected by big canals, meaning roundabout routes, and tons of ammunition, tools, and materials to handle. About two hundred tons of extra stuff not wanted. . . . Got ashore ahead of the men at 3.30 A.M., the first day leaving full instructions about stuff to be landed with Senior Naval Officer, but as there were three S.N.O.'s during the day, from four to nine miles range of me, and communications broke down, things were a bit interesting. Anyway, three battalions were got ashore somehow, and holding the position (guessed at on the map of course as there was no chance of getting round it) before dark, and then, just before dark, the aeroplanes turned up unexpectedly, just after being reported by telephone as Germans approaching! Civil population of twenty-five thousand. . . . (About this incident more anon). What with all that, and Belgian officers, municipality, civil guards, and telephones from the Belgian Ministry of War at Antwerp, and the Belgian General at Bruges, I had a joy day. All alone at first, no staff. But had C—— of the Air Department, and made him my Chief Staff Officer until the aircraft arrived. Forgot to add funeral of the five Belgians (not fifty) killed by Uhlans in the outskirts of the town forty-eight hours before we arrived, as another item of that first day, and since then this is my first spare moment, having found time for all except eating, sleeping, and washing. Wish I'd had time to report interesting situations as they developed but I have n't — they 'd fill a book. . . . Must think of more comfort for the men if it 's to be long. They are all healthy, happy, and good, but a bit on the old side — I don't think any service could extemporize and come up smiling like ours, do you?

Looking at that old letter again, I think the words that strike me most are — 'a bit on the old side.' Large numbers were pensioners, men who had served their country in various parts of the world for twenty-one years or more, and had since spent many years in civil life. Grandfathers, many of them, and exceedingly prosperous in their civilian vocations, judging by their fullness of habit. I shall never forget the way they worked, or their keenness to keep up the reputation of the old corps in which they had spent the best years of their lives. Three 'battalions' of them landed that day. The army expression was used to describe the formations, for want of a better name, but in the army the word is used to describe a unit — roughly speaking, about a thousand strong — trained together year after year, first in platoons, then in companies, then as a whole battalion, by day and by night, until the whole organization responds instantaneously to the will of the commander. These men, splendid as they were individually, had not been trained on those lines. They were what was left over when the crews of the mobilized ships had been made up, collected together, and only assembled hastily in 'battalions.'

The three battalions landed on the first day were the Light Infantry from Chatham, the Artillery (acting as infantry) from Eastney, and the Light Infantry from Gosport. They mustered a few hundred over two thousand all told. The 'brigade' had not been 'mobilized,' as the word is understood in the army, which means that they had no transport of any kind, not even what is called first-line, on which ought to be carried ammunition, machine guns, intrenching tools, signaling equipment, and such-like essentials for

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going into action. The shortage of officers amounted to about fifty per cent of the numbers allowed, the shortage of non-commissioned officers was also heavy, and there was a deficiency of specialists such as machine gunners, signalers, and so forth. For all that, the 'brigade' was capable of giving a good account of itself in a defensive position, and, with training, would soon have been capable of being manœuvred for short distances in the field. All ranks rose to the occasion well, and extemporized somehow to meet deficiencies. So far no maps had turned up, so all that could be done was to get hold of as many town plans as we could, and mark on them the sections of the front for the defense of which the different commanders, as they arrived, would be made responsible. There was no further news of the enemy, but a German advance on the town still seemed to be expected, and the impression I gathered was that, from the point of view of the inhabitants, it would be preferable to declare Ostend an open town, like Brussels, unless sufficiently strong forces were landed to keep off all enemy forces likely to move on the coast.

Ostend was so well known as a pleasure resort before the war that it seems unnecessary to give any detailed description of the place. The houses extend a long way along the coast to the westward of the harbor entrance, and a short way to the eastward. A line measured round the outskirts, providing a field of fire clear of houses, measures between seven and eight miles. Beyond the houses, the high sand-dunes screen the country inland from view from seaward, so, without very careful preparations for indirect fire, no dependence could be placed upon the gunfire of friendly vessels to assist in the defense. Shallow water runs out a long way, so nothing bigger than destroyers can anchor near the shore, and no target of value could be seen from their gun platforms in case of an attack.

Well, to make a long story short, the approaches to the town were soon occupied, machine guns and their crews dug in, and protected by barriers of barbed wire. The shops of Ostend provided a certain number of ramshackle old bicycles to add to our small supply of about twenty, and by their help patrols were sent out along the roads by which the enemy might approach. It was a strenuous morning. By 1 P.M. it was possible to report to the Admiralty that we were firmly established, and the information added about the enemy is still, I think, of considerable historic interest. It was to the effect that Bruges and Dixmude, respectively, were clear of hostile troops, and the enemy's main columns were using the Brussels-Renaix-Tournai road. 'Cavalry at Menin and Ypres on 26th. Large body at Lille.' The main columns referred to clearly belonged, in the light of later information, to the part of von Klück's army, of which the leading troops began to work round the British left flank via Tournai on the 23d, during the battle of Mons. This gives an indication of the strength of that army, and the line followed by the most northern column in the great turning movement through Belgium.

The afternoon of that first day was marked by an incident which might have had a tragic ending, the arrival of the advanced guard of a small force of aeroplanes belonging to the R.N.A.S. To explain the feelings of the population we must recall the date — August 27. On the 25th the Belgian army had advanced southwards from Malines to within four miles of Louvain, in their gallant attempt to draw down upon them some of the German troops which

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would otherwise be used in the great army then being hurled towards Paris round the flank of the Franco-British army. Instead of meeting the Belgians in fair fight in the field, the Germans tried a method of warfare peculiarly their own. They tried to cow the spirit of the Belgian nation by deliberate and carefully organized cruelty and outrage. Streets of Louvain were set on fire by incendiaries, trained and equipped for such work before they left their own country. Men, women, and children escaping from the burning houses were shot down deliberately. Others were herded together and driven to the northward as a screen for the poltroon protectors of the important railway centre and depot on the lines of communication of the great army. Crowds of hostages, men, women, and little children, from neighboring towns and villages, were driven into Louvain after suffering indescribable indignities, cruelties, and privation. Some were driven into the Belgian lines at Malines, to make sure that the horrors should be recounted. Some were tightly packed into railway trucks, up to their ankles in old horse-dung, and kept standing there, starved and thirsty, for several days, and taken into Germany in their misery as a raree-show over which the German crowds — many women among them — rejoiced and gloated. By the 27th news of these deeds in Louvain, and even worse reports from other places that lay in the path of the German armies, had reached the people of Ostend, and refugees had begun to arrive.

Early in the evening, when most of the office work had been got through, I started in a borrowed car to visit the outposts and have a look at the country outside the town, in case we should have any fighting. I found the people in the streets much excited, verging on panic, and many crowded to me for protection against some expected terror in the sky. At the same time came the sound of firing from the direction of the outposts. It turned out that a report had been spread that German air raiders were coming; but confidence was restored when some R.N.A.S. aeroplanes arrived to join my little force and scout the neighborhood for me. Luckily, only the leader had been shot at, and he was well ahead of the others; he seemed to take his welcome as to be expected, and all in the day's work.

Next morning another battalion landed, the R.M.L.I. from Plymouth, and we strengthened the defenses. A small naval airship also turned up. We had news at first hand during that day from British soldiers who had been cut off in the Mons fighting, had lain hidden, escaped attention, and filtered through the German lines to the coast, moving chiefly by night, and living on what was left of their haversack rations and what they could pick up by the way. They were from several regiments, and all imbued by the same idea, how to get back to them in time for the next battle. We got them off to Folkestone, and I hope they had their wish. They were a fine lot. The next day, August 29, was more eventful. We had news of the expected arrival by sea of some thousands of Belgian troops, who afterwards turned out to be the remains of the 4th Belgian Division, the one that was so nearly cut off in Namur, sailed to Havre, and was coming round by sea to join the main Belgian army near Antwerp. At the same time orders came to cover their disembarkation against all attacks, and this news added much to the interest of the situation; if the Germans knew about it, the cutting off of this division would be a tempting operation, should there be any forces to spare for such an undertaking. We also had some rather vague reports of a German

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force, which appeared from the description to be a division at Audenarde, which is about forty miles from Ostend. Late that evening occurred a curious incident, in connection with intelligence reports, from which I learned a lesson for future guidance. I did not believe much in any prospect of attack, but had the Audenarde reports at the back of my mind, when a report was brought in that the telephone had been cut on the road from Audenarde to Ostend at a certain time. Soon afterwards, another report that it had been cut further to the northwards, the interval corresponding with the rate of march of an infantry column, then another similar incident, still nearer! We had a council of war. Debated upon the question of the civil population of twenty-five thousand. Also upon the necessity for covering the disembarkation of the Belgian troops. Also upon the fact that our line was over seven miles long, with only about three thousand men to hold it. The only satisfactory solution of the problem appeared to be to get the whole together, and march out at dawn to attack the head of the enemy's column outside the town. Then we thought we would have a final look at the intelligence reports, and noticed that, although the times were given, there were no dates. The next step was to test the truth of the news by calling up on the telephone all the places mentioned — 'Communications all correct now and no enemy in the neighborhood!' The reports were three or four days old, and happened to arrive on that day and in that order! I suppose the Uhlan patrol which had been in the neighborhood had done the cutting. They gave us quite an interesting half hour. Then another message, from the outposts this time, that about three hundred of the enemy were marching on the town by the road from Bruges. A hint from headquarters in reply, that 'the object of having outposts is to give rest to those they are protecting,' and so to bed, after a fairly interesting day.

On the 30th, the Belgian 4th Division arrived by sea, and was railed up country. We had managed to hire about fifty bicycles by that time, and a few motor cars, and the R.N.A.S. folk had received a shipload of them, so we could send out for first-hand information from the country round. One car, with an officer and a small guard, got close to Menin, where there were still German troops at that time, and one ran through Thourout, receiving a wildly enthusiastic welcome from the people. Poor folk, I think that there was a prevalent idea, both in Ostend and in the district, that salvation from the invader, which did not come for four long years, had already arrived. At about ten o'clock that night I was able to report to the Admiralty that the country between the sea and the line Dunquerque — Lille — Tournai — Ghent was clear of the enemy. August 30 was our last day at Ostend.

The orders to embark 'at my earliest convenience' arrived at 4 A.M. on August 31, and at the same time a convincing hint from the Admiral that there were reasons why it was a case of the earlier the better. What with marching, digging, handling heavy stores, and going on outpost duty nearly every night, the men, old and young, had put in four pretty heavy days' work by that time, but nothing to what they got through in the next twelve hours. I did not know that men were capable of such an effort, but somehow or other all the heavy weight of ammunition and stores were brought in from the defense line. These, with tons of provisions and men's kits, were all brought by the one approach to a quay equipped with only one small crane, sorted out as well as possible so

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that the right gores — about three hundred tons in all — should be embarked in the right ships, and the force was on board the fleet, anchored about five miles away from the harbor, soon after 5 P.M. The men, few of whom had had much chance of sleep since leaving England, at once volunteered to man some of the ship's guns at night, to give their chums at sea a stand-off; and they had a little shooting directly after we got under way; but 'that is another story.' The whole population of Ostend seemed to be on the jetties and along the sea front to cheer us, and we left our Belgian friends with much regret, little thinking that nearly four years of misery under the heavy hand of the Hun would be their lot before a force of Royal Marines landed again on the coast of Belgium — on the Mole at Zeebrugge.

The Cornhill Magazine

DOES EDUCATION MEAN HAPPINESS?

It is a specious and a shallow saying of the conservative thinker that to make the many wise is but to multiply misery. To fill a man doomed to navvy's toil or the dullest routine with Platonic dreams and liberal aspirations is to mock his chains. Why bring beauty to the caged clerk and leave him to mourn her violation? Did not those very Greek philosophers, of whom our sentimental Democrats are apt to discourse so fondly and so ineptly, segregate the herd of artisans from the fair and fine? They knew well the truth which Pope rhymed later for our guidance, that short draughts from the Pierian spring are the most fatal intoxicants, that culture to be culture at all must be complete, and that the learned illiterate is the most hapless of beings.

Thus the argument runs and those who, in Lord Morley's striking phrase, hold 'a vested interest in darkness,' are only too eager to use this screen against the insurgent rays. Many and various are the answers made to the charge, and yet another is forthcoming in a little book of recent publication. Mr. Harold Begbie in his *Living Waters* (Headley Bros.) has jotted down a series of interviews with workers of many types, a clerk, a doorkeeper, a collier, a Leeds Bolshevist, a Birmingham Ruskinian, all of whom describe for him the invasion of thought and learning into their souls. It is a plea for the energies of the Workers' Educational Association, a journalist's plea if you will; but the interest of the book lies in the revelations of the talkers rather than in the comments of the listener. And so far from supporting the conservative assertion that book-learning brings only misery to those in poverty, the general verdict justifies adult education on grounds that would satisfy the strictest utilitarian. For those men, at any rate, communion with the wisdom of the ages and the beauty of the world has not made their workaday lives intolerable. Rather has it so widened their gaze and increased their responsiveness that only by this communion can life be endured. Their ignorance was never bliss: their wisdom has never been folly. The Pierian spring has quenched a raging thirst and brought happiness

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without frenzy, joy without reaction.

The word education suggests always to the British mind something hard and unlovable. Mention the word and we visualize a dreary room, bare forms, meaningless maps, and textbooks of jejune erudition, mere compendia of trivialities. That dread adjective 'educative,' clumsy and cacophonous, brings with it shuddering memories and dark imaginings: we think of stories with a high moral tone, topographical cinema films, lectures on the ant, and football for character's sake. Of all nations we are most apt to call whatever we are doing our duty and to frown on any admission that we are enjoying it. It is typical of our ingrained Puritanism that we are always stressing the ethical side of education, never the hedonistic. Small wonder that education is unpopular, for there is nothing the public schoolboy hears more of and more heartily detests than the eternal chatter about character. If he is always being told that the object of his cricket is not the thrill of a well-timed drive nor the ecstasy of bowling an unplayable over, but the splendor of combination and 'playing the game,' if Virgil is presented to him not as poetry but as a mental gymnasium, wherein the difficulty and drudgery will bring out his perseverance, he will soon be equally exasperated with compulsory athletics and compulsory *Æneid*. The utilitarians made a tremendous assault on the permanent British assumption that happiness is something to be ashamed of, and in the end they failed. The assumption stands, and nowhere more firmly than in the class-room. We must seek truth to be good: we must seek truth to be rich and to be respectable; but we must never seek it to be happy.

Yet against the conservative argument that education, save for the elect, is a short cut to misery and against the ascetic argument that happiness being a snare should never be the goal of education, the results achieved by the W.E.A. are a permanent refutation. Once and for all it has been proved that the quest and capture of truth has been a source of real and abiding pleasure, not only to the academic few strutting it in some riverside hencoop of the Muses, but also to the nameless many, colliers and clerks, weavers and wives, snatching half-hours in seemingly impossible conditions in order to fling their net upon the flying joy. The case for the playing-fields of Eton does not rest upon the hope that the future administrators of the Empire will never do what is 'not cricket.' Nor does the case for extending adult education rest upon such grim phrases as 'betterment,' 'purer social order,' 'amelioration of existing conditions.' True, these things matter; but the cases rest fundamentally upon a simpler and a nobler word, Happiness.

It may seem strange to the academic mind that the pursuit of knowledge and of truth as something good in itself should need any justification. Yet such a defense is gravely needed. Education is in danger to-day because it is being so much belauded. Its praises are sung in Philistia and reëchoed in the cities of men. We must seek truth and ensue it, but not as an end. We must study history in order to be better imperialists, we must study science to increase production, we must study languages to control new markets and engineering to 'speed up' anything that is not already rattling itself to death. Education is becoming popular. We are at last setting out to capture truth, and we may end by merely capturing trade.

Technical education is necessary, and no balanced critic would disparage it. Ethical education is necessary and

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no sane citizen would see it banish. But most necessary now, because most neglected, is truth for truth's sake. Let us not in our commercial ambition and moral zeal forget the joy of knowledge. And what a creative joy it is! A knowledge of history may seem dull enough, yet it can turn a few odd hours in some old English town from a boredom to a pilgrimage of pleasure. Give but a slender pile of facts and a mere spark of imagination, and what a flaming beacon may not be kindled by things so common as an old earth fort, a Roman road, a Norman castle, some pots and pans, a harbor of the old adventurers, a town of the mediæval woolmen forgotten in the western wolds It needs but a little history to set the plainest things teeming with suggestion and to render them fruitful in ideas. Science we may need to be civilized, but also to be happy. A country walk may be good enough with its gift of air and health, but it becomes an infinitely richer thing when the secret of the birds and the flowers, the reasons for their coming and going, the chart of their seasons and the conditions of their flourishing are known to the passer-by. Then not only are the senses medicined with the sleepy charms of the air, but every glade becomes an adventure, the movement of every beast a challenge to further understanding. Who has dipped into the lore of the earth finds gold in every quarry: who has read the ways of the birds finds joy unspeakable when by his own espionage he can disprove the wisdom of the books and yet add another pebble to the pyramid of truth. Pedantry kills: the classifying specialist with his hoard of specimens and musty Latinity is the very miser of mental treasure, mistaking in true miser's fashion the sorry means for the noble end. But ignorance is not a whit better. Creative knowledge, fact kindling fancy—here lies the form and body of culture and this true education brings.

Never was there a time when men were more busily scheming and dreaming for the future: never, therefore, a time when men should have a clearer knowledge of the end they desire and be less easy prey to catchword and confusion. Big words are on every lip and big ideals in every mind. Only let them be clear. We talk of happiness and welfare: let us have them clearly defined. If happiness be the emotional companion of free functioning in response to the call of normal instinct and desire, if it be the by-product of unrepressed energy and balanced self-determination, then the happiness we aim at must include the free activities of the mind. Knowledge and thought must be recognized as being as essential to life as food and movement: they must be treasured as ends, not as means. Thus education will be released from its ancillary position. No longer will the teacher be one who only opens the road to riches and position, or even to the negative virtue of 'good form': he will no longer create only paths to the good life; but the good life itself. He will show to all and sundry that, be their handicraft what it may, there is a pleasure of knowledge and a happiness in understanding. He will recognize that while education is concerned with making efficient workers and competent citizens, its highest function is the creation of good and happy men. And happiness can exist only in individuals. Call the State what you will, organism or mechanism, person or fiction, godhead or devil: it remains a collection of individuals, and all the philosophy of the world will not make it otherwise. The end being happiness, and happiness being free activity, the individuals of the truly great community will seek truth and love it as naturally as they seek food

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and sleep and life itself. Truth, in Milton's simile, is ever born a bastard into this world, hated and despised. There are many still to revile her, many to crush her: but among the legions of the oppressed there are some, it seems, who, outcasts themselves, have made friends of this outcast and found her company enchanting. They sought her for no gain, nay, even lost by the search. But they were faithful, and perhaps they will soon have many followers; and small wonder when men learn that she, who once seemed most drab and most severe of maidens, is in reality most radiant and kindly.

The Nation

A PLAY BY PAUL CLAUDEL*

POSTERITY, it has been said, begins at the frontier, because those contemporary writers who are read and admired by foreigners as well as by their fellow countrymen are likely to possess qualities that will make them live. If this be true, M. Paul Claudel can count upon posthumous renown. His name has become known within the last few years to many people outside the borders of his native land, and at least three of his books have been presented to the English-speaking public by American translators. But he is as yet far from being as widely known as I believe he deserves, and if I venture to suggest that, with the exception of M. Anatole France, a writer who is the antithesis of him in almost every possible respect, there is nobody now using the French language with greater dignity and force, I trust that a majority of those acquainted with M. Claudel's writings will acquit me of exaggeration.

A few years before the war, M. Paul Claudel was, even in his own country, almost unknown to the general public. He had, it is true, a certain number of enthusiastic admirers who held that he was a man of genius. That, however, was not without precedent, above all in France, where the younger generation always knocks with such vehemence at the door that the probability is that a writer of a new school who is not proclaimed a genius by some literary group or other, can be credited with the possession of very little talent indeed. But in M. Claudel's case, there was the unusual fact that he appeared genuinely desirous of escaping public notice. His first books were published in limited editions and without their author's name, and it was not until the appearance of *Connaissance de l'Est* in 1907 — a work that gave expression to the peculiar and intense mystery by which he was affected in the Far East, where he held a position in the French Consular Service — that the band of his admirers began to increase. This was followed by a couple of very remarkable plays, *L'Annonce faite à Marie* and *L'Otage*, and since the war he has published a few volumes of verse. His whole work is steeped in mysticism. It presents and emphasizes the Catholic and Royalist aspect of traditional France; and the French religious revival, which was one of the results of the war, probably accounts

* *Le Pain Dur: Drame en Trois Actes.* By Paul Claudel. Paris: *Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française*, 3*fr.* 50.

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for some part of the vogue which M. Claudel now enjoys.

Remy de Gourmont, always on the alert to discover fresh talent, wrote an essay in 1908, claiming a high place for M. Claudel, and lamenting that, because of M. Claudel's own determination, his poetry was not widely known. 'He prefers,' said Remy de Gourmont, 'to be ignored than to be misunderstood.' M. Claudel is no longer ignored, but it is by no means certain that he is understood. Even his admirers admit that he is obscure. And just as Browning, when asked to explain a passage he had written, answered that he was prepared to supply the British public with poetry, but he could not give it brains, so M. Claudel, in one of his *Odes*, states the charge of obscurity against himself and answers it:

> Est-ce pour cela que nous avons payé tes trimestres au lycée,
> Afin que tu accroisses de tes runes la quantité de ces choses que nous ne comprenons pas? . . .
> Est-ce language d'un homme ou de quelque bête?

And this is the reply he makes:

> Je n'ai souci de vous faire rire ou pleurer, ni que vous aimiez ou non ma parole, mais aucune louange ou blâme de vous n'en altère la pudicité.

Perhaps the best way in which I can describe the impression left upon my own mind by M. Claudel's writings is to say that it is like that made by a beautiful page of an illuminated manuscript written in a language which I only partially understand. *Le Pain Dur* is less open to the charge of obscurity than most of M. Claudel's plays, but in order to understand it, it is necessary to have read *L'Otage*, to which it is, in a sense, a sequel.

L'Otage is a symbolical historical drama of the Napoleonic period, which pays very little heed to facts. George, Vicomte de Coûfontaine, and Sygne, his cousin, are two of the last representatives of the old feudal and monarchical order which ages of faith and loyalty had built up. George has succeeded in rescuing the Pope from Napoleon, who had held him prisoner and brings him to the Château of Coûfontaine. Baron Turelure, the prefect of the department, an old Jacobin who has brought the parents of George and Sygne to the guillotine, discovers the plot, and uses this knowledge as an opportunity for blackmail. Sygne must become his wife, or he will betray both the Pope and George. Moved by religious scruples, Sygne yields after a struggle, and in a later scene we discover Turelure, now Governor of Paris, ready to play false to Napoleon, and give up the capital to Louis XVIII on condition that George surrenders his name and title to a little Turelure who is the son of the traitor and Sygne. Thus the conflict in the drama is one of ideas. George and Sygne are the protagonists of traditional loyalties and vanishing beliefs, while Turelure represents the new order which remorselessly tramples on all the old feelings of reverence, and before which all the old products of an age-long relationship wither away.

To most readers, this bald outline will suggest merely the advocacy of reaction. And a reactionary, to some extent, M. Claudel is. He paints a golden age of *noblesse oblige* on the one side, and of willing and devoted service on the other, and invites us to contrast this unquestioning and secure society of the past with the bewildering reasonings and rationalism of the present. Personally, I do not believe that the past which M. Claudel pictures ever existed. Nor is it an ideal which can be reconciled with the political philosophy of his own church. Yet I cannot read his description without being

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moved. One may not share his faith, but one recognizes the mastery with which he presents his thought. For though he fails to convince, he leaves an impression that there is something to be said on the other side. His play is symbolical and mystical, but the character of Sygne remains in the memory, not as an abstraction, but as a living and breathing woman who is somehow or other the incarnation of all the traditions and loyalties of *la douce France*. There is a sense of color and richness in M. Claudel's evocation of the past, an appeal to gaze upon the beliefs that seem about to vanish from the earth, and an invitation to consider whether it may not be worth while to make an endeavor to recapture them.

In *Le Pain Dur*, which is, as I have said, a sequel to *L'Otage*, we are shown a world rushing headlong to destruction, partly redeemed, it is true, by a single passion. Turelure is now a Peer of France, under Louis Philippe, the Citizen King. His son, who has inherited some of the instincts of the peasant, is developing an estate in Algiers, and for this purpose has borrowed twenty thousand francs from Sumîr, a Polish girl to whom the money had been entrusted by her compatriots in order that she might use it to win their freedom. This money, which as Sumîr says, has been bought by 'the avarice of mothers and of widows, the dowries of maidens, the bread of orphans, the tears and blood of exiles and of martyrs, not a penny of which has not been steeped in blood,' must be recovered at any price. Knowing that a shock may be fatal to the old man, she incites Turelure's son, who is her lover, to threaten him with an unloaded pistol, holding another loaded one in reserve should the plan fail. The son fires both pistols at once. Both miss fire, but the shock ends Turelure's life. And when the son examines the pistols he finds that Sumîr had loaded both. For Poland she would have made her lover a parricide.

But perhaps the most moving passage in the play is the speech addressed to Sumîr by Sichel, a Jewess whom Turelure had made his mistress:

SUMÎR: I do not ask to go out of my race.

SICHEL: And I, I ask to go out of mine, to climb out of this ghetto into which I have been thrust!

My fathers believed in God and they hoped for the coming of the Messiah.

That has been the part they played since the creation of the world, and they have not changed, but have lived under the tree with seven branches, in their insane and unreasonable hope and faith.

But I, I do not believe in God, and I have no hope except in myself, and I know that there is but one life.

I am a woman, and I want to have my place with the rest of humanity, and for that I am ready to do all, and to give all, and to betray all!

Do you think that I care for your Poland? You ought to be glad that the world contains one frontier the less.

There is no Poland, there is no Judaism, there are only living men and women!

There is no God, there is no Messiah to expect, we have been deceived and our hope is vain.

That is why the things that exist are the things that matter, and why I will not be excluded from them.

It is an appalling picture of an appalling society — ruled over by greed, rapacity, unslaked ambition, lust, chicanery, suspicion, and treason, where faith does not exist even between those who are united by the closest bonds, and where greed of gold is the one impelling motive of human action. As a symbol of it all, the concluding scene shows Turelure's son and Sichel's father striking the fallen image of the Christ in Coûfontaine Abbey with hammers to discover the metal of which it had been made, and chaffering with one another regarding the price which ought to be given for so much old iron.

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ANECDOTES

PRESIDENT WILSON has distinguished himself from the majority of leading statesmen in many ways. He has revealed during his visit to England an unaccustomed devotion not only to ideals but to amusing stories. Story-telling has fallen out of fashion in this country. The story-teller is by many people regarded as a bore, and somebody has invented the word 'anecdotage' to describe the garrulity of story-telling old men. And, indeed, there is nothing drearier than the conversation of a man who sets out to entertain you with one anecdote after another. Of every ten anecdotes he relates, the probability is that six of them are not funny and three of them you have heard before. To listen to him is like reading *Tit-Bits*. We would like to adopt to him the attitude of Queen Victoria, when at the end of a doubtful story she said, coldly, 'We are not amused.' At the same time, there must be hundreds of thousands of people who read the anecdotes in *Tit-Bits* with delight. One would imagine that all the stories had been told long ago, and that no one could possibly invent a new jest about a mother-in-law, or a wooden leg, or the bad boy of the family and his sister's *fiancé*. But, whether the stories are new or not, they continue to appear, and human beings continue to laugh at them. Someone has said that there are only six comic stories, and that all the rest are mere variations on them. We fancy there are more than that. We defy anyone to reduce all the good stories in Dean Ramsay's *Scottish Life and Character* to half-a-dozen recipes. It might be contended, of course, that they all belong to one type of story — the racial type. There is no more popular form of story than that in which another race is made fun of. We love to laugh at a Jew, a Scotsman, or an Irishman. Here, for example, is a racial joke we found in a book the other day. 'Certain Irishmen, being summoned to a sessions court-house to take part in an inquiry by a Local Board Commissioner'— whatever that may be —'were directed by that gentleman to take their usual places. With one consent *they all made for the dock*.' Were this story told of Englishmen it would lose most of its point. It depends for its humor largely on a once-common conception of Irishmen as a race of jailbirds. Similarly the ordinary joke about Scotsmen depends upon an ardent faith on the part of the British public that an immense number of Scotsmen are misers and drunkards. 'On reaching his destination'— so runs the first Scottish anecdote on which our eye falls —'a Scotchman complained that he had lost his luggage. On a friend anxiously inquiring as to details, Sandy plaintively replied: "Eh, mon, *but the cork cam' oot.*"' (For some reason the old-fashioned anecdotist prints the point of his joke in italics.) As one reads a jest of this kind one wonders what percentage of people can raise a laugh at it. Some people, we know, will laugh at the barest reference to alcohol as though it were a jest for the gods. A soldier, getting into the train the other day, nodded to another soldier and asked him: 'What sort of a Boxing Day did you have?' 'Oh, wet!' replied the other, and both of them laughed like children. This might be described as an association-of-ideas joke. Or, rather, it was no joke at all.

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It was an example of the idea of drink making men merry. Jokes about drunken Scotsmen owe whatever popularity they possess to the pleasure of the idea of drink plus the pleasure of racial derision. The joke that mocks an entire race scarcely needs a point in order to set a music hall laughing. We are most of us nationalists in our mirth.

The revolt against the anecdote, we fancy, is due partly to the badness of most anecdotes and to the fact that the human mind abhors irrelevancy. Give an anecdote relevancy, as Æsop did, and the world will not easily forget it. Generation after generation will read how: 'One day a lamb was drinking at a stream when a wolf,' etc., and how a cock discovered a jewel in a dunghill and what followed. These stories have appealed to the imagination of men and children as no collection of true stories about the eccentricities of animals has ever appealed. Each of them fascinates us as a mirror in which we see ourselves reflected. We love a story in which the drama of good and evil is played by fanciful figures. Much as we dread the moralist in art, we are all moralists in our love of art. It is the moral interest as well as the anecdotal interest of *Hamlet* that holds from one generation to another a pit and a gallery that as a rule care little for poetry. Life is made up of a series of wonderful anecdotes, and the great plays and biographies are the records of these. Those who despise anecdotes would do well to read Plutarch again and ask themselves what it is in the 'parallel lives' that has held the attention of men for the better part of two thousand years. To our mind it is Plutarch's genius for the perfect anecdote. Here we have no irrelevant anecdotes. The stories are not handed out to us like sweetmeats. Each of them is the portrait of a man, a summary of human life. Is there any better anecdote in the world than the story of the man who voted for the banishment of Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called 'the Just'? We know human nature better after reading such a story. It is as a result of reading Plutarch that we know Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar better than we know Mr. Bonar Law. If all men with a taste for anecdotes followed the example of Plutarch, the story-tellers would not have fallen into disesteem. Most men relate stories, however, not because they realize how splendidly stories reflect the whole truth about this world of sun and moon and stars, but because either they do not wish to talk intelligently or because they wish to make some moral or political commonplace seem entertaining. Preachers and public speakers use anecdotes as bait to catch the attention of their hearers. Even so unbending a statesman as Cobden has confessed how he deliberately set out to entertain his hearers so as to compel them to listen to him. 'I was obliged,' he says, 'in all my popular harangues to throw in a spice of amusing ingredients which I used to call "eating fire, pulling ribbons out of my mouth, or standing on my head," for their amusement, like the clown at the fair. I remember how I was often ashamed at reading the reports of my lighter passages in the paper next day, but there was no alternative.' No man, we are sure, ever became an entertaining orator in this fashion. To hand down anecdotes condescendingly to one's audience is as often as not to begin by offending it and to end by boring it. No man need be ashamed of the gift for telling stories. Abraham Lincoln was one of the most persistent story-tellers of the nineteenth century, but he never told his stories in the tone of a man speaking down to the plebs. He loved stories because he saw in them entertaining

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fables that expressed truth far more vividly than a whole tome of sentences full of words ending in '-ation.' Not that even his admirable taste in anecdotes escaped the anger of the censorious. During the Civil War a cartoon in *Harper's Weekly* showed the figure of Columbia calling on Lincoln to give an account of the many dead who fell at Fredericksburg. 'This,' replies Lincoln in the cartoon, 'reminds me of a little joke.' 'Go,' says Columbia bitterly, 'tell your little joke at Springfield.' Lincoln's little jokes have not brought upon him the censure of history. Some of them have survived, indeed, until our own time as caskets of political wisdom. It was only the other day that we saw one of them quoted as the last word of wisdom on the question whether the Kaiser ought to be hanged. It would have been equally relevant to the same subject to quote Lincoln's proverbial saying: 'If you get hold of an elephant by the hind leg and he is running away, you had better let him go.' A proverb like that is akin to a fable, just as every fable is half a proverb.

While not urging anyone without a gift for anecdotes to drag them into his speeches and writings by the heels, therefore, we rejoice to find such a public man as President Wilson putting his statesmanship into narrative form instead of into pompous sentences, foolish as swollen-out frogs, or even into perorations crammed with mists, mountains, and dawns. 'Scorn not the anecdote,' is advice that every speaker and writer would do well to take to heart. We have known writers who would not stoop to an anecdote even in reviewing a biography. They would look on the intrusion of a story as a betrayal of the intellect. We easily fall into the habit of regarding a general statement as a vastly more intellectual affair than the most entertaining story. In our opinion this is a supremely inartistic attitude. Man is an artist as well as a philosopher. He demands fables as well as apothegms. There is one glory of Homer and another glory of Aristotle, and there is probably as much wisdom to be acquired from reading the *Iliad* as from the *Nichomachean Ethics*. Wisdom, indeed, is still in the void till it has been put into an anecdote. It only enters into the world of created things when it assumes the form of a story. It was the realization of this fact that led some of the poets to write allegories. It is an attempt to keep wisdom as abstract as possible and to disguise it rather than to recreate it in an anecdote. The perfect fusion of wisdom and anecdote has not taken place, and in the result allegories weary us. They are a confession of incompetence. They spring, however, from a rational source — the wise man's appreciation of the importance of story-telling. They are an attempt to bring wisdom home not merely to the intellect but to the imagination. We do not wish to exaggerate the part anecdotes play in our lives, but we have only to recall how the stream of anecdotes in the Old Testament has affected the morals as well as the imaginations of men in order to recover from any feeling of scorn with which we may have regarded the habit of telling stories. At the same time, the story of Joseph and his brethren need not be made a shield to cover the ineptitudes of the ordinary anecdote. We can praise the story of the Ark without committing ourselves to blind appreciation of the tales about spring poets in *Comic Cuts*. It may seem absurd to claim that an anecdote must have some moral or imaginative value to be worth repeating. But that is, as the Americans say, 'about the size of it.' The best jest-book will be a book for the pocket of a philosopher.

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RETURN

Into the home-side wood, the long straight aisle of pines,
I turned with a slower step than ever my youth-time knew;
Dusk was gold in the valley, gray in the deep-cut chines,
And below, like a dream afloat, was the quiet sea's fading blue.

Oh, it was joy to see the still night folding down
Over the simple fields I loved, saved by the sacred dead,
Playmates and friends of mine, brothers in camp and town,
The loyal hearts that leaped at the word that England said.

I paused by the cross-roads' sign, for a tinkling sound rang clear,
The small sharp sound of a bell away up the western road;
And presently out of the mist, with clank and clatter of gear,
Rumbled the carrier's cart with its tilt and its motley load:

The old gray horse that moved in the misty headlight's gleam,
The carrier crouched on his seat, with the bell-boy perched astride,
Voices from under the tilt, and laughter — was it a dream,
Or was I awake and alive, standing there by the cross-roads' side?

So I came to the village street where glinting lights shone fair,
The little homely lights that make the glad tears start;
And I knew that one was yearning and waiting to welcome me there,
She that is mother in blood and steadfast comrade in heart.

Oh, but my youth swept back like the tide to a thirsty shore,
Or the little wind at dawn that heralds the wash of rain;
And I ran, I ran, with a song in my heart to the unlatched door,
I returned to the gentle breast that had nursed me — a boy again.

Punch

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THE PROMISE

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

A DOCTOR hears many strange stories which must forever remain a secret confidence between himself and his patients. But the story that my old friend, whom we will call Purcell, told me cannot, I think, be so considered. We were sitting one evening in his long garden, just after the fall of dusk, smoking together. His wife had been dangerously (but quite triumphantly) ill; and this was the first evening afterwards. 'You know, of course,' he said, half apologetically, 'that she has always been very nervous and high strung; at least ——.' He broke off and puffed softly on, narrowing his eyes, his hands resting one over the other on his knee. A robin was chattering in the lilac bushes. 'I don't think I ever told you how we actually met. There's no harm in telling . . . Is there?'

'Well, that's best answered when I've heard,' I replied. And we laughed.

'Well, you remember — oh, years ago — when I used to live with my mother at Witchelham? It was an absurdly long journey from town. But she liked the country; my father was buried there; and so, nearly two hours every day of my life, except Saturdays and Sundays, were spent in rumbling up and down on that antediluvian branch line. I believe they bought their carriages second hand. We had an amazing collection of antiques. The stations, too, were that kind of stranded Noah's ark in a garden, which make it rather jolly to look out of the window in the summer, with their banks of flowers, and martins in the eaves. A kind of romance hung over the very engines. You felt in some of the carriages like a savant confronted with a papyrus he can't read. It was all very vague, of course. But there it was.

'One evening, a Tuesday in December, I left my office rather later than usual. There had been a lofty fog most of the day; all the lights flared yellow and amber, and the traffic was muffled to a woolly roar. The station was nearly empty. An early train, the 5.3, coming in late, had carried off most of the usual passengers, and only just we few long distance ones were left. I walked slowly along the platform, past the silent, illuminated carriages, and got into No. 3399 — a second. The number, of course, I noticed afterwards. It was cushioned in deep crimson, lit unusually clearly with oil; half a window strap was gone, and the strings of the luggage bracket hung down in one corner. It was haunted, too, by the very faintest of fragrances, as if it had stood all the summer with windows open in a rose garden. I sat down in the right-hand corner facing the engine, and began to read. Footsteps passed now and again; fog signals detonated out of space; a whistle sounded, and then, rather like an indolent and timid centipede, we crept out of the station. I read on until I presently found that I had n't for quite some little while been following the sense of what I was reading. Back I went a page or two, and failed again.

'Then I put the book down, and found myself in this rather clearly lit old crimson carriage alone — quite curiously alone. You know what I mean;

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just as when one is alone in a ball room when the guests have said good-bye after a dance; just as one's alone after a funeral. It pressed on me. I was rather tired, and perhaps a little run down, so that I quite keenly welcomed all such vague psychological nuances. The carriage was vacant then — richly, delicately, absorbingly vacant. Who had gone out? I know this sounds like utter nonsense. I assure you, though, it was just as it affected me then. There was first this very faint suggestion of flowers in this almost amber lamplight; that was nothing in itself. But there was also an undefined presence of someone, a personality of someone here, too, as obviously reminiscent of a reality as the perfume was reminiscent of once real flowers.

'The 5.29 did not stop near town — loitered straight on to Thornwood, missed Upland Bois, and launched itself into Witchelham. All that interminable journey (for the fog had fallen low with nightfall) I sat and brooded on this curious impression, on all such impressions, however faint and illusory. So deep did I fall into reverie that when I again came to myself and looked up, I was first conscious that the train was at a standstill, and next that I was no longer alone. In the further and opposite corner of the carriage a lady was sitting. The air between us was the least bit dimmed with fog. But I saw her, none the less, quite clearly — a lady in deep black. Her right hand was gloveless and lay in her lap. On her left hand her chin was resting, so that the face was turned away from me towards the black glass of the window. Whether it was her deep mourning, her utter stillness, something in her attitude, I cannot say. I only know that I had never seen such tragic and complete dejection in any human creature before. And yet something was wanting, something was absent. How can I describe it? I can only say it was as if I was dreaming her there. She was absolutely real to my mind, to myself; and yet I knew, by some extraordinary inward instinct, that if I did but turn my head, withdraw my eyes, she would be gone. I watched her without stirring, simply watched her, overwhelmed with interest and pity, and a kind of faint anxiety or fear. And suddenly, I cannot more exactly express it, I became conscious that my eyes were out of focus, that they were fixed with extreme attention on — nothing at all. I cannot say I was alarmed, nor even astonished. It was rather vexation, disappointment. But as I looked I suddenly became conscious of a small, oblong, brown-paper package, lying part hid under the arm rest of the seat only just now so mysteriously occupied, and as mysteriously vacated. Directly I became aware of it, it seemed, of course, extraordinarily conspicuous. Could I by the faintest chance in the world have overlooked it on first entering the carriage? Of course, I see now that it must have been so. But at the time I was convinced it was impossible.

'I took up the package, felt it, shook it, and then, without the least excuse or compunction in the world, untied the string and opened the plain wooden case within. It contained a small six-chambered revolver. I scrutinized it for a moment almost in confusion, then I flung down the carriage window, just in time to see the face of the station master momentarily illumined in the fog as we crept out of Thornwood. I hastily shut the box and packed it, paper and all, into my pocket. It was entirely intuitive, simply the irresistible caprice of the moment, but I felt I could not surrender it; I felt certain that I should sooner or later meet with its owner. I would surrender it then.

'The next day seemed interminable. Fog still hung over the city. I longed

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to get back to my haunted carriage. I felt vaguely expectant, as if some very distant, scarcely audible voice were calling to me, questioningly, appealingly. I was convinced that my ghost was really a ghost, a phantasm, an apparition — not an hallucination. Surely an event so rare and inexplicable must have a sequel.

'Out into the misty street (which in the mist, indeed, seemed thronged with phantoms) I turned once more that evening with an excitement I cannot describe — such an excitement as one feels when one is about to meet again a long absent, a very close and intimate friend.

'Again the 5.3 had befriended me. The platform was nearly empty when the 5.27 backed slowly into the station. I had expected no obstacle, had encountered none. Here was my 3399, its lamp, perhaps, not quite so lustrous, its crimson a little dimmed. I entered and sat down in my corner, like a spider in its newly-spun web. What prompted such certainty, such conviction, I can't conceive. The few minutes passed, passengers walked deliberately by. Some glanced in; one old lady, with a reticule and gold spectacles, peered hesitatingly, peered again, all but entered, and, as if suddenly alarmed, hastily withdrew. We were already late. And then, just at the last moment, as the doors were beginning to slam, I heard with extraordinary distinctness what it seemed I had for long been waiting — a light and hurried footfall. It paused, came nearer, paused again, and then (although I simply could not turn my head to look) I knew that there, looking in on me, searchingly, anxiously, stood framed in the misty doorway — my ghost.

'Still she hesitated. But it was too late to retreat. She entered, for I heard the rustling of her gown. And then, at once, the train began to move. At last, when we were really rumbling on, I managed to turn my head. There she sat, completely in black, her left hand in her lap, her chin lightly resting on the other, her eyes gazing gravely and reflectively, yet with a curious fixity, out of the window. She did not stir. So slim, so unreal, she looked in her dead black, it seemed almost that this might be illusion, too — this, too, an apparition. *Almost*, but how surely, how convincingly, not quite. It sounds absurd, but so absorbed again I grew in watching her, so lost in thought, I think I sighed. Whether or no, she suddenly turned her head and looked at me with startled eyes and parted lips. And, I think, the faintest red rose in her cheeks.

'I leaned forward. "You won't please misunderstand me — my speaking, I mean. I think, perhaps, if I might explain . . . you would forgive me . . ." I blundered on. She raised her eyebrows, faintly and distantly smiling. But I felt vaguely certain that somehow she had dimly foreseen my being there. "I don't quite see why one should *have* to explain," she said indifferently. "You could not ask me to forgive anything that would need forgiveness. But to-night, you must please excuse me. I am so very tired I don't really think I could listen. I know I could n't answer."

'"It's only this, just this," I replied in confusion. "Something has happened: I can't explain now; only if I should seem inexcusably inquisitive — horribly so, perhaps — you will understand when I do explain. . . . You need but answer yes or no to three brief questions — I cannot tell you how deeply interested I am in their answers. May I?" She frowned a little, and turned again to the window. "What is the first question?" she asked coldly.

'"The first is — please don't suppose that I do not already know the answer,

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instinctively, as it were, *en rapport* — have you ever traveled in this carriage before, No. 3399?" Could you imagine a more inane way of putting it? I knew that she had, with absolute certainty. But, none the less, she feigned to be unsure. Her eyes scrutinized every corner, but indifferently, and finally settled on the broken netting. "Yes," she said simply. "But as for the number — I don't think I knew railway carriages *were* numbered." She turned her eyes again directly on mine.

'"Were you alone," I said, and held my breath.

'She frowned. "I don't see——" she began. "But, yes," she broke off obstinately. "It was the night before last. I was alone."

'I turned for a moment to the window. "The last question," I went on slowly, "could only possibly be forgiven to one who was a very real, or hoped to be, a very real, faithful friend." We looked gently and calmly, and just in that curious instantaneous way, immortally as it were, into each other's eyes.

'"Well?" she said.

'"You were in extreme trouble?"

'She did not at once reply. Her beautiful face grew not paler, more shadowy. She leaned one narrow hand on the crimson seat, and still looked with utterly frank, terribly miserable, desolate eyes into mine.

'"I think — I had got beyond," she said.

'What sane thing could I offer for a confidence so generous and so childlike? "Well," I said, "it's the same world for all." She shook her head, and smiled. "I remember one quite, quite different. But still," she continued gravely, as if speaking to herself, and still leaning on her hand, "it is nearly over now. And I can take an interest, a real interest, in what you might tell me; I mean, as to how you came to know, and why you ask." I told her simply of my dream, the hallucination, psychic experience, or whatever you may care to call it. "Yes," she said, "I *did* sit here. It is very, very strange. It . . ." and then she stopped as if waiting, as if fearing to go on.

'I said nothing for a moment, knowing not what to say. At last I took out the little wooden case just as it was. "I cannot ask forgiveness *now*," I said, "but this — is it yours?"

'She nodded with a slight shudder. Every trace of color left her face.

'"You left it in the train on Monday?"

'She nodded.

'"And to-day" — it was a wild, improbable guess — "to-day you came to town to look for it, to inquire about it?"

'She did not answer, merely sat transfixed, with hard, unmoving eyes and trembling lip.

'"I can't help what you may think, how you may resent my asking. I can't shirk responsibility. I know this is not an accident. I cannot believe it was an accident which sent me here last night. I cannot believe God ever meant any trouble, any grief to have *this* for an end. If I give it you, will you promise me something?"

'She did not answer.

'"You must promise me," I said.

'"*What* am I to promise you?" she said, her eyes burning in her still, white, furious face.

'"Need I say?"

'She leaned her elbows on her knees, did not look at me again, merely talked, talked on, as if to her reflection, in that dim crimson, fronting her eyes. "It is just as it happens, I suppose," she said. "It's just this miserable thing we call life, all the world over. You had n't the ghost of a right to open it — not the faintest right in the world. It is all sheer inference, that is all. As for be-

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lieving — there's not the faintest proof — not the faintest. Who *can* care *now?* But, no; somehow you got to know, without the least mercy or compunction. Who would believe you? It is simply a blind, pitiless ruse, I suppose. . . . And so . . . you have compelled me, forced me to confess, to explain what no one on earth dreams of or suspects — you, a complete stranger. Is n't my life my own, then? Oh, yes, I know all that. I know all that. . . . I refuse. You will understand, please, I will *not* promise. Who," she cried bitterly, flinging scoffingly back her head, "who gave *you* my life? Who gave *you* the right to question, to persecute me?" And then, suddenly, she hid her face in her hands. "What am I saying, what am I saying?" she almost whispered. "I don't know what I am saying."

'"Please, please," I said, "don't think of me. It does n't in the least matter what you think, or say, of me. Listen, only listen; you must, you *must* promise."

'"I can't, I can't!" she cried, rising to her feet and facing me once more. The train was slowing down. Here, then, was her station. Was I, after all, to be too late? I, too, stood up.

'"Think what you will of me," I said; "I am only, only your friend, now and always. I do believe that I was sent here. I don't understand why, or how: but I cannot, cannot, I must n't leave you, until you promise."

'Something seemed to stoop, to look out of her eyes into mine. How can I possibly put the thought into words? — a fear, a haunting, terrible sorrow and despair, simply, I suppose, her soul's, her spirit's last glance of utter weariness, utter hopelessness; a challenge, a defiance. I know not what I prayed, or to whom, but pray I did, gazing blindly into her face. And then it faded, fainted, died away, that awful presence in those dark, beautiful eyes. She put out her hand with a sob, like a tired out, beaten child. "I promise," she said. . . .'

My friend stopped speaking. Night had fallen deep around us. The garden lay silent, tree and flower obscure and still, beneath the feebly shining stars. We turned towards the house. A white blind in an upper window glimmered faintly in the darkness. And we heard a tiny, impatient, angry, inarticulate voice, crying, crying. 'Well,' I said, taking his arm, and waving my hand, with my best professional smile, towards the window, 'she has kept her promise, has n't she?'

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

AIR TRANSPORT

BY F. HANDLEY-PAGE

FROM the earth's earliest days down to the present time transport has been one of the world's greatest problems. Man at first had to rely on his own physical powers until he found that animals could be made to carry loads far heavier than he could handle at speeds far greater than those that he could reach. In the end his mechanical ingenuity has improved on natural methods and in their turn he has developed the train, the steamship, and the aeroplane.

The constant, though perhaps often unconscious, aim throughout has been to increase the power developed with a corresponding reduction in the weight of, and space taken up by, the power-producing unit. With this reduction of weight and space per horse power is closely linked up the demand for a wide gear ratio. It is interesting to follow how each successive mode of transport adopted has been a step towards the accomplishment of this aim, and from this endeavor to deduce the probable lines of aeroplane transport development.

Man's simplest and most primitive form of transport is himself. In the earliest days he was limited to the weight that he could carry or drag and to his natural pace, walking, running, or swimming. Under these conditions his mechanical efficiency was very low. He could not carry or drag even his own weight for more than a comparatively short distance.

As a step forward in his transport scheme man found and domesticated various animals differing widely in their gear ratio. The racehorse — a high-geared machine — moves at a high speed with a comparatively small burden; the carthorse — low in the gear — pulled or carried heavy loads at a slower speed. Either type was more efficient as a machine than man, for the horse has a power greater in proportion to its weight, and in consequence could convey the man and his load faster than the man could travel himself.

There are, however, no similar records of successful domestication of fish for overseas transport, if we except the historical case of the world's first successful submarine trip by Jonah in the whale.

In the air there was no bird large enough on whose back man could mount, and the harnessing of a flock of birds, although the subject of a British patent, would have proved impossible, owing to the small excess power available per bird, and this would have been completely absorbed in lifting the necessary harness.

The invention of the wheel was the first mechanical improvement. With it the cumbrous sledge was turned into an efficient cart, wherein man could transport heavy loads in addition to the weight of the vehicle itself. The combination of horse and cart marked a further advance, succeeded by long centuries of slow improvement in cart and carriage design, but without any radical change until the advent of the steam engine.

No further progress was possible with the horse as a machine for the simple reason that its 'weight per horse power' was for all practical pur-

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poses incapable of reduction. To endeavor to increase the horse's speed by interposing between him and the ground some form of gear through which he would drive the cart would have been attended by failure. Quite obviously the weight of the contrivance would have been such that a single horse's effort or the united efforts of a team could not have driven it at high speed, if at all. The weight per horse power of the machine as a whole would have been so high as to render it useless.

As no animal appeared to be seriously adaptable to ship propulsion, man, as an improvement on himself, gradually evolved the boat and sail. The galleys of Rome and Norway relied primarily on their oars and are exceptional examples of attempts to obtain engine power beyond the real capacities of the available machine. Fine ships they were, with tier upon tier of sweeping oars — but, by modern standards, miserably inefficient. Their speed was very slow, and the greater part of their internal accommodation necessarily given over to the oarsmen. To improve the efficiency of the vessel it was necessary to obtain the utmost power from the engine (the oarsmen) and to restrict to the smallest limit the space occupied by them. These facts were directly responsible for the abominable conditions that existed in the slave galleys, where the unfortunate creatures were confined in unhealthy cramped quarters and worked under the lash. Their masters were but endeavoring to obtain from them the ideal that modern engineers demand from their engines of metal — greater horse power, less weight and bulk — for if one man by coercion could be made to do the work of two, the weight and space that would have been occupied by another oarsman were available for other purposes.

Here also the development of the seagoing vessel came to a halt and awaited the steam engine.

The advent of the steam engine did not immediately affect transport. The earliest steam engines designed by Watts and his contemporaries were very large and very heavy in proportion to their power. They were of the cumbersome type now known as 'beam engines.' Their speed was thus very slow, and their size and weight proportionately high. Stevenson's successful locomotive was followed by many years of slow improvements, all with the acknowledged and intentional object of reducing the weight per horse power of the engine and the fuel required.

The extent to which the weight of a railway locomotive can be reduced depends, however, in part, on a further consideration. If the weight of the locomotive is decreased too far, the driving wheels fail to grip the rails. This limitation has been overcome by the development of the motor coach of the modern electric railways.

The application of the steam engine to the seagoing ship is an even better illustration of the effect of the principle. The steam engine had an obvious advantage over sails in its independence of the wind, and this led to the early installation of engines in ships, although the space occupied by them, their boilers and fuel, all reduced the carrying capacity. The first type to be adopted was naturally the slow-speed engine driving on to a paddle shaft. This gave place to the high-speed engine and screw, and the latter combination is now being gradually superseded by the steam turbine and gear-driven screw. Each of these has displaced the other simply because of its less space and weight per horse power.

During the gradual development of transport on land and sea to the stages indicated above, flight — transport by

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air — had remained impossible. Icarus, if he had indeed attempted the feat attributed to him, would have discovered that the weight per horse power of the human being was too great for natural flight — in simpler language, that man is not strong enough to fly by his unaided strength. It was not practicable to domesticate birds for the purposes. They do, indeed, possess a margin of lift — a sparrow can carry a worm, an owl a mouse, and an eagle a lamb — but it is so small that an impossible number of birds would have to be harnessed together to lift even one man. Their bulk and weight per horse power, is, in fact, too great for the purpose.

The progress of scientific research and study had indicated the lines on which mechanical flight could be possible, given a suitable engine, and in 1898 Professor Langley experimented in America with an aeroplane fitted with steam engine and boiler, but this form of motive power was heavy and bulky, and his experiment did not lead to further use of steam for aeroplane work.

Meanwhile the petrol engine, developed in the high-speed racing car and motor boat, showed an advance in bulk and weight per horse power beyond any other type of prime mover.

The weight of the petrol engine of ten years ago was somewhere about 10 to 12 pounds per horse power. Mechanical flight is at the present time possible with not more than 40 to 50 pounds per horse power. There was thus a margin of weight available for the machine structure, for the fuel, and for the pilot. The machines of those days were, however, as yet very inefficient, and could at best barely raise the combined weight of themselves, their engine, and the adventurous pilot. There were only two ways in which this state of affairs was improved — the efficiency of the aeroplane as a lifting machine was increased, and its total weight per horse power of the engine was greatly reduced.

Through all this history of the slow progress of the world's transport facilities, there appears the constant aim of reduction in the weight per horse power of the prime mover with a view to increase the speed of travel. If, however, prediction were made of future progress it would appear that speeds of 250 miles per hour or more would hardly seem to be possible as the weight per horse power of the complete aeroplane cannot be reduced indefinitely. To attain speeds such as these the weight would have to be reduced to a very fine point indeed.

The several means of transport may be compared as follows:

One horse power installed in a ship will drive five tons (11,200 pounds) through the water at 10 miles per hour.

One horse power installed in a motor lorry will drag one half ton (1,120 pounds) along a road at six miles per hour.

One horse power installed in a motor car will drag one eighth ton (280 pounds) along a road at 20 miles per hour.

One horse power installed in a locomotive will drag one half ton (1,120 pounds) along a railway track at 30 miles per hour.

One horse power installed in an aeroplane will drag 20 pounds through the air at 100 miles per hour, or 10 pounds at 130 miles per hour.

From any comparison of this nature it is obvious that where heavy loads have to be carried and speed is no object, the sea or canal are the means of transport most efficient from the power consumption point of view. The power required by the aeroplane is, by comparison, out of all proportion to the load it can carry.

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We have, therefore, to-day reached a stage of advance in the quest for a transport machine with minimum weight per horse power that has given us a vehicle that can travel at speeds enormously in excess of any other means of conveyance, but can do so only by greatly increased expenditure of power per unit weight carried. Such a machine having been produced the question immediately arises: Will the high speed compensate and pay for the high power and so enable the machine to 'make good' as a means of transport, or will it remain but an interesting scientific production?

The answer to this question was still in suspense when war broke out in 1914. The aeroplane of those days could and did *fly*, but the lifts obtainable were so barely in excess of the mere minima necessary that everything had to be sacrificed to lightness of construction. The aircraft constructor knew quite well the general directions in which his machines must be improved, but he was hampered by lack of means, lack of assistance, and lack of the public interest that could have provided both.

With the outbreak of war these conditions were entirely reversed, and literally hundreds of thousands of hands and brains in the shops, drawing offices, and laboratories have been at work since on aircraft and its development. There have, in consequence, been enormous improvements in the detail construction of the machines, and to that has been added the actual flying experience and testing of each individual part of the machine under most severe flying conditions for long periods. It is in final perfection of the small details that the perfection of the whole rests, and on this more than anything else the increase in the reliability and efficiency of the aeroplane has depended. All this progress is reflected in the present light weight per horse power of the completed aeroplane compared with that built prior to the war. The fighting scout does not weigh complete more than eight to 10 pounds per horse power of the engine installed in it, and is capable of achieving very high speeds.

Important improvements made in the aeronautical part of the design have reduced the necessary horse power required to drive the machine through the air, and this again has resulted in a saving of weight in the necessary engine. The rate of progress is, however, slowing up, and it would not appear that radical advances will be made in the near future unless there is some marked change in the materials employed or some form of wing curvature discovered which will support the weight with less resistance.

It will assist belief in the progress which has been made and will dispel any idea that aviation has come too quickly to be of immediate commercial utility, if the causes are considered which, in the past, have tended to delay the full commercial development of the train and motor.

Apart from the lack of finding support, which has been the greatest bar to progress in the initial stages of any new industry and which the exigencies of war swept away, there are two basic causes which might tend to retard progress in the future: (1) the instinct of self-preservation, and (2) the obstruction of vested interests. The first is the most powerful; the instinct of self-preservation which leads man to regard the unfamiliar with dread and dislike. The combination of knowledge, faith, and courage is found only among the few, and the general public is not ready to risk its lives in any new venture for the advancement of some new art but dimly understood.

This bar to progress has vanished in

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the experience of the last four years. The thousands of miles which have been flown without accident, the cross-country flights such as those made in time of war from England to Constantinople and Cairo with a considerable load of baggage and equipment, have proved conclusively that this, the quickest means of transit around the world, can be used without danger to the passenger. The public will, in consequence, not need the long years of teaching and slow development before taking up this means of transport and travel, such as occurred with the train.

Prior to the war the aeroplane had hardly reached the stage of threatening existing interests. Vested interests had neither the desire nor the power to offer opposition during its development for military purposes. Nevertheless, had it not been for the war it might have been with aircraft as it was with the train. The advent of any new means of transport must appear to threaten existing interests. This, however, is not the case with the aeroplane. The carrying capacity of the aeroplane is small, and the loads of which it would relieve the train or steamship are negligible compared with those the latter carry.

It can, therefore, be readily seen that those causes which in the past have retarded progress have been entirely absent in the development of the aeroplane, and that the last four years have seen more thought and labor devoted to aviation than would have been its natural portion in as many generations of peace.

Although the aeroplane has developed to such an extent for war purposes, it must not be taken for granted that every type of aeroplane has its use for peace. In the military machine regard has been paid rather to gun positions, bomb-carrying capacity and performance, than to economy in operation and large cargo space, which are the essential peace requirements. The type of aeroplane for commercial work requires careful consideration and design. In estimating the value of a transport vehicle account must be taken of the respective proportions of the load that are and are not remunerative. A steam motor wagon that was only just able to transport the coke for its own consumption would be useless for transport work. The large quantity of fuel the aeroplane must carry makes this point an important one regarding it. It affects very largely the *type* of aeroplane that must be chosen for each duty.

The total lift of a large bombing aeroplane of medium speed is about 20 pounds, while that of a small high-speed scout may not be more than about eight to 10 pounds per horse power. From these lifts have to be deducted the weight per horse power of the aeroplane structure and engines. These leave a margin of about 11 pounds per horse power in the case of the large machine and of only about two to four pounds per horse power in the case of the smaller and higher speed machine. From these margins have to be deducted the weight *per horse power* of the pilot and of the fuel to be carried.

This latter burden, the weight of the fuel, is a very large item. Plainly, the more fuel that is carried, the longer the flight that can be made non-stop, but the less margin remains for useful, revenue-earning load. Conversely, the less fuel that is carried, the greater may be the useful load, but the shorter must be the stages flown. This consideration raises the question as to the most useful length of stage of non-stop flight.

Since the advantage of the aeroplane is its high speed, it is essential that this property should be utilized to the utmost. Generally speaking, it will not be practicable to provide aerodromes

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— open spaces of many acres extent — in the centres of cities and industrial districts. They will have to be on the outskirts, and time will be lost in reaching them at the one end of a journey and in coming in from them at the other. Every descent made *en route* will consume at least 15 minutes, and more often half an hour of time. This being so, even the fastest aeroplane will show to little advantage when flying short stages in competition with railways.

It is, in fact, extremely doubtful if the aeroplane will be used at all for journeys of less than 100 miles — unless, of course, they are from land to land over sea, or from point to point not directly approachable by land. The aeroplane can, however, score heavily in saving time on long journeys amounting to many hundreds of miles. These journeys it will probably accomplish in stages of about 400 miles each.

The small very high-speed aeroplane could carry practically no useful load at all in addition to fuel for a stage of this length, but limiting the speed to 100 miles an hour, and using very large machines, long journeys can be covered in times unapproachable by any other means of transport and at a reasonable and attractive cost. These large machines have, moreover, the advantage of twin-engine sets, on either of which they can continue to fly if the other breaks down — a useful safeguard for commercial work.

With such machines as exist to-day it will be possible to reach Egypt within 36 hours and India within three days. Australia will be within a week of London, and in spite of the comparatively uneconomical power consumption of the aeroplane such flights can be run as commercial undertakings at charges for passengers of about 3*d.* per mile — first-class railway fare — of about 1*d.* per ounce for letters, and about 1*s.* 3*d.* per pound for 1,000 miles for parcels and goods.

The question arises as to the form of control under which this new means of transport shall be developed and operated. It does not follow that the governments of the world can allow private enterprise to have full scope for its development after the war. The possession of a large commercial air fleet places in the hands of any government a power which its neighbors cannot afford to overlook. By a slight change in the equipment of the cargo and mail-carrying space, bombs could be carried, and the State would inevitably turn in times of war to its commercial air fleet as a means of offense or defense. The use of such machines for commercial purposes cannot, therefore, be allowed without some government restrictions, but such restrictions need not be anything further than a form of subsidy paid for mail carrying or other work during time of peace. Success in air transport cannot come with a wholly State-directed enterprise. The industry is still young. There are many pitfalls to be avoided, many difficulties to be overcome, which commercial enterprise and energy can alone deal with.

The public, however, must be protected if the present development of aviation is to continue. There must be no possible chance of the wild-cat schemes of the early railway days recurring, nor must aircraft or their pilots be below a specified standard. The State must see that projects doomed to failure owing to lack of financial or technical backing are prevented from being placed before the public.

Regulations must be drawn up which will insure that the machines cannot be used for the public service until they have received a certificate similar to that now issued by Lloyd's for ships. Pilots must not be allowed to fly

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machines conveying the public or mails, unless they have received a certificate equivalent to that issued to the master of a ship by the Board of Trade before he can take charge.

A public, not fully cognizant of the necessary requirements, might easily be induced to take an active part in the development of aircraft and take up flying on a large scale only to find that the full development was followed by a large number of disastrous accidents due to bad workmanship in the machines or the inexperience of the pilots who were in charge of them. Regulations, therefore, such as those defined above, are necessary not merely for the sake of the public, but also in the future interests of commercial aviation.

The aeroplane will not compete with the telegraph system, cable, or wireless, but will be a useful adjunct conveying written signed statements, important documents, long reports, and descriptive letters in the time of a week-end cable and at a fraction of the cost. Its use as an adjunct to a railway or steamship line has already been touched upon.

It will enable the business man to visit his overseas agencies and friends, to discuss matters with them on the spot and examine the requirements of their districts, at the cost of a few *days* instead of months of travel.

The aeroplane will bring to the London markets samples of our colonies' crops (cotton, tea, and so forth) within a few days of plucking. The enterprising planter will perhaps even bring his own samples to Europe and sell his crops personally on the great exchanges of the world.

It will be one of the greatest adjuncts of the newspapers and topical cinematograph. It will distribute photographs of important events world wide within a week of occurrence.

To the peoples of the British Empire more than any others this new form of transport will have the greatest importance. The great distances which separate Great Britain and the various colonies necessarily call for long time spent in travel and prevent each having a full knowledge of the other's country and people. Those countries, too, which are remote from the present reach of civilization and undeveloped portions of the Empire will find in air transport the road to open up the development of the country. As time goes on and flying is more and more developed distances will be virtually reduced to such an extent that at the end of the present century without a doubt Australia will be brought as close as America is to-day, and America will be no farther from us than London is from Aberdeen. The world at large will gain. Gone will be all the charm of exploration, but instead it will be possible for each to travel and see for himself those sights and countries which up to the advent of air travel it has only been possible for the few to enjoy.

The Fortnightly Review

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TALK OF EUROPE

THE GERMAN ATTITUDE TO PRESIDENT WILSON

THE *Frankfürter Zeitung* (Advanced Liberal) has this to say about President Wilson:

. . . For us Germans . . . President Wilson is to-day the guarantor of a Peace of Justice, of a peace that may endure. Germany asked for peace and an armistice on the clearly expressed condition that the new order in the world would be established upon Wilson's Fourteen Points and his other declarations. The President and his allies agreed to this condition with two reservations. But since the armistice came into operation, everything we hear from the countries of our European enemies, stands in crudest opposition to this condition. Neither in the papers nor in speeches of responsible statesmen can we trace a suggestion of justice, the inkling of a desire to come to an understanding; . . . nor trace of recognition that only a peace of reasonableness and understanding can insure lasting quiet and security for all nations. Germany is to expiate all the sins she has committed, and which delirious imagination and calumny have fastened on her. Germany shall be crushed into lasting lowliness and impotence, and if possible cut in pieces and annihilated. To-day, we are powerless and unable to offer any resistance to whatever may be imposed on us. Germany is helpless, and has no more allies than the good-will of our opponents to keep to the principles agreed on before our capitulation. . . . But we must not make the mistake of looking on Wilson's coming as that of a good friend, a rescuing angel, who for our sake or for Christian love and mercy thinks to . . . protect us from the rage of wicked enemies. Mr. Wilson has never been our friend, though before America's declaration of war he was also certainly not our enemy to the extreme that many of us thought. . . . May we not hope that he will understand more easily than his allies that a lasting peace can never be founded on the brutal oppression of a people still virile in spite of their bitter surrender. . . . The Americans too, are business people. . . . They will soon realize — it is painful for us to say it — that Germany as a rival in the world-market is no longer dangerous to them, that for them also the other danger of losing Germany as a territory and object of trade is much greater. They will tell themselves that it can never pay to enslave a great people . . . for there is nothing more unproductive than slave labor, and a subject and misused people, moreover, will think less of its work than of its liberation. We will . . . bear hard burdens willingly, . . . but there is a limit to the exploitation of victory, a limit to oppression and humiliation, and the other side of this boundary no eternal peace can dwell.

A NEW VIEW OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

A SERIES of papers on 'Classic American Literature' has been appearing in the *English Review*. The last number contains the accompanying study of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The Pilgrim Fathers did not sail to America in search of religious freedom. The Pilgrim Fathers, if they had wanted this freedom, would have stayed and fought for it, with Cromwell. Religious liberty was with them a phrase that covered complex motives. For the deepest human soul all the while offers specious reasons for her own movement, covering beyond all knowledge the true motive. The Pilgrim Fathers sternly believed themselves that they sailed in search of purer Christian worship and the liberty to that worship. It was the innermost soul offering a sufficient pretext to their stubborn, self-righteous minds.

For, if we consider the early American colonies, the Pilgrim Fathers were not Christians at all — not in any reasonable

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sense of the word. They were no more Christians than the dark and violent Spaniards of the Inquisition were Christian. At the close of the fifteenth century Spain fell back from Christian Europe and became a thing apart. In the same way the first Americans departed from the Christian and the European vital mystery. They became dark, sinister, repellent. They seemed to seek, not liberty, but a gloomy and tyrannical sense of power. They wanted to have power over all immediate life. They had a gloomy passion, similar to that of some of the African sects of the early Christian Church, to destroy or mutilate life at its very quick, lusting in their dark power to annihilate all living impulses, both their own and those of their neighbor. For all of which the Christian religion served as a word, a weapon, an instrument: the instrument of their dark lust for power over the immediate life itself, as it stirred to motion in the breasts and bowels of the living.

This lust is latent in all religious passion. So long as a people is living and generous, it fulfills its religious passion in setting free the deep desires which are latent in all human souls. Bernard of Clairvaux, St. Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, these were liberators. They made it possible for every man to be more himself, more whole, more full and spontaneous than ever man had been before.

But into Puritanism and Calvinism had already entered the dangerous *negative* religious passion of repression, this passion which so easily becomes a lust, a deep lust for vindictive power over the life-issue. It was on the hard recoil of this destructive religious passion that the Pilgrim Fathers left Europe. America, dark, violent, aboriginal, would lend them force to satisfy their lust of anti-life.

BENEDICT XV'S LETTER TO THE UPSALA CONFERENCE

SOME of our readers may like to see the Pope's letter in answer to the invitation issued by the Scandinavian bishops to an Ecumenical conference at Upsala, which was to be devoted to 'the furtherance of Christian love among the nations.' It was as follows:

His Holiness has, with pleasure received your courteous letter about the Congress which is to be held on September 8 at Upsala for the purpose of strengthening within the human society the ties of Christian love, when once this terrible war has been brought to a finish.

The humanitarian aspirations continued in the said letter, have been most welcome to the Holy Father, He is certainly himself convinced, that the society of the world cannot enjoy a complete and permanent peace if the precepts of Christian fraternity are not duly observed. Therefore, anything that in this great conflagration of society aims at this — anything that is done for this purpose — is both welcome and desirable to the Pope, and that all the more so as it prepares the way for the achievement of the aim contained in the Gospel's words: 'That there may be one fold and one shepherd!'

'Not a bad definition of the League of Nations,' says the *London Nation*.

AN IRISH ELECTION MANIFESTO AS PASSED BY THE CENSOR

THE censor has been at work again, this time on an Irish Election Manifesto.

The coming General Election is fraught with vital possibilities for the future of our nation. Ireland is faced with the question whether this generation wills it that she is to march out into the full sunlight of freedom, or is to remain in the shadow of [redacted] imperialism [redacted]

Sinn Fein aims at securing the establishment of that Republic.

1. By withdrawing the Irish Representation from the British Parliament and by denying the right [redacted] of the British Government [redacted] to legislate for Ireland.

[redacted]

3. By the establishment of a constituent

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assembly comprising persons chosen by Irish constituencies as the supreme national authority to speak and act in the name of the Irish people, and to develop Ireland's social, political, and industrial life, for the welfare of the whole people of Ireland.

4. By appealing to the Peace Conference for the establishment of Ireland as an Independent Nation. At that conference the future of the Nations of the world will be settled on the principle of government by consent of the governed. Ireland's claim to the application of that principle in her favor is not based on any accidental situation arising from the war. It is older than many if not all of the present belligerents.

Sinn Fein stands for the Nation; it represents the old tradition of nationhood reasserting the inalienable right of the Irish Nation to sovereign independence, reaffirming the determination of the Irish people to achieve it, and guaranteeing within the Independent Nation equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens.

Believing that the time has arrived when Ireland's voice for the principle of untrammeled self-determination should be heard above every interest of party or class, Sinn Fein will oppose at the polls every individual candidate who does not accept this principle.

The policy of our opponents stands condemned on any test, whether of principle or expediency Any attempt to barter away the sacred and inviolate rights of nationhood begins in dishonor and is bound to end in disaster. The enforced exodus of millions of our people, the decay of our industrial life, the ever-increasing financial plunder of our country, the whittling down of the demand for the 'Repeal of the Union,' voiced by the first Irish leader to plead in the Hall of the Conqueror to that of Home Rule on the Statute Book, and finally the contemplated mutilation of our country by partition, are some of the ghastly results of a policy that leads to national ruin

By declaring their will to accept the status of a province instead of boldly taking their stand upon the right of the nation, they supply England with the only subterfuge at her disposal for obscuring the issue in the eyes of the world

Sinn Fein goes to the polls handicapped by all the arts and contrivances that a powerful and unscrupulous enemy can use against us of Sinn Fein to secure the freedom of Ireland the British Government would destroy it. Sinn Fein, however, goes to the polls confident that the people of this ancient nation will be true to the old cause and whose demand is that the only status befitting this ancient realm is the status of a free nation.

SALVAGING THE RUSSIAN BLACK SEA FLEET

A British squadron is now at Sebastopol looking over the Russian Black Sea Fleet. The restoration of the vessels has evidently been a difficult task.

The taking over of the Russian Black Sea Fleet, or that portion of it which had been seized by the Germans, has proved to be no light task. It had passed through the hands of both Bolsheviki and Germans, and had been thoroughly neglected by both.

When the parties detailed to take over the various ships arrived on their respective charges they were one and all appalled. It would have been no great surprise to find the ships dirty and ill-kempt. But nobody was prepared for the condition of utter filth which they were called upon to face.

But the job was tackled, and in four or five days the first condition was an unpleasant memory. The neatest and smartest navy afloat set about the task of cleaning up the dirtiest ships ever seen, and officers and men worked like heroes.

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Hercules soon solved the problem of the stables of Augeas, but he would have been baffled by a battleship which had been inhabited by Bolsheviki and Boches.

The biggest task of all was the conversion of the Volya to a condition fit for sea and for human habitation. The Volya (formerly the Imperator Alexander III) is a 27,000-ton Dreadnought, with twelve 12-inch guns and a secondary armament of twenty 5.1 guns.

She is being commissioned temporarily by the captain and a large portion of the officers and men of H.M.S. Agamemnon, and the whole resources of that ship, supplemented by occasional working parties from other ships, have been strained to retrieve the fine vessel from the deplorable condition in which she was found.

First attempts to raise steam and run the dynamos failed, owing to the choked condition of all the boilers. It was impossible to know what worked in the ship, and what did not. The drinking water contained dead rats and other filth. There was a large quantity of ammunition on board, considered to be in an unsafe condition, all of which had to be removed.

At the time of writing, less than a fortnight after work was really begun, the ship is almost ready, and long before this account can arrive in England she is expected to have made a steam trial and be in every way fit for sea.

It is a job such as our navy, or any other navy, has never had to do before, and all engaged have been fully conscious of the unique interest of their work. They found a huge, helpless, unclean baby, and have mothered it into health and strength again. But the language they have often used in reference to their predecessors has been anything but motherly.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Hamilton Fyfe is special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*.

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The journal **Le Temps** reflects the attitude of the French Republican Moderates. It is frequently spoken of as being 'semi-official.'

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Fernand Engerand, *deputé* from Calvados, occupies a prominent position in the world of French politics.

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Walther Rathenau is both an author of prominence and a practical man of affairs. During the war, he was at the head of the German Raw Materials Board. Rathenau is the most prominent advocate of permanent government control of industry and in this connection represents what might be called capitalist Socialism, *i.e.*, State Socialism for the purpose of increasing production and avoiding waste. He is not supported by the Social Democrats who reject his plan as unsatisfactory.

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Major-General Sir George Aston has been identified with the British Marine Corps.

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Walter de la Mare, author of *The Listeners*, is far better known to Americans as a poet than as a story teller.

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F. Handley-Page is the builder of the aeroplane which bears his name.

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ON RETURNING FROM WAR

BY D. F. FINN

Do you remember, love, not long ago,
That winter fireside in a northern land
Where we sat idly dreaming while your hand
Touched mine? Before us in the fiery glow
The unending pageant of the future passed
With crimson magic dyed; and in the night
Outside the creeping darkness hid the light
Of winter's faint, gray twilight; and the blast
Wailed and whimpered, tried the noisy latch
And shook the pane and shook the forkèd flame;
And from the gloom the monstrous shadows came
Leaping o'er wall and ceiling, swift to snatch
With crooked fingers at our souls' content,
Then sink back mouthing, inarticulate,
In impotent hate. They could not penetrate
Our souls on whirling dreams of passion intent.
They were but shadows.

And then the parting swift — the unspoken fear —
The winding column, four abreast — the strong,
Quick tread of youth timed to a roar of song —
The vibrant cheer that, had it not been a cheer
Must else have been a sob — the backward glance
Over the shoulder. Then the singing dies,
The half-jest fails, and youth, with manhood's eyes,
Grim, purposeful, swings on to war, perchance
To honors earned, or to a hero's end. . . .
To death! Ah, worse than death, for I have crept
Out of the press of war (I that would have slept
Quiet on the hill where wooden crosses extend
Their most beseeching arms) a thing for tears!
A broken, battered, blinded wreck of one
That was made in God's image! Life but just begun!
The shadows conquer; and though I have not years
I have no youth.

There is a love expressionless, and pain
Past all expression. Knowing each, I pray
For sleep, that so the Blessed Virgin may
Waken me in thy loving arms again.

The Bookman

THE COMING OF PEACE

BY W. H. DAVIES

It was the night when we expected news from France,
To say the war was over, and the fighting done;
The tidings that would make my heart rejoice at last,
For foe as well as friend, and make the peoples one.

And as I moved amidst that silent multitude,
Feeling the presence of a wild excitement there,
The world appeared to me so strange and wonderful —
I almost heard a cuckoo in Trafalgar Square!

The New Statesman

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